

# The Nation

VOL. XXIX., No. 2.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1921.

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## Events of the Week.

As we write, the coal stoppage threatens not only a conflict of terrible privation, and even of violence, for the industry, but a general cessation of work in the railway and the transport services. If that happens the Government may be warned to act with prudence, and, having reserved to themselves a dictatorial power over the life of the community, to remember that these workmen were the country's main defence in the war, and that they are not to be treated as if they were its enemies. This is the logic of Mr. George's recent speech to his luncheon party; we hope he will have the sense to apply an entirely different measurement to the industrial crisis. There is no reason why it should end in a violent explosion, or the habitual calm temper of the flower of our workmen change to the spirit of revolution. That is largely for the Government to say. They allowed, and indeed encouraged, the mine-owners to put a pistol to the workers' heads. The workmen retorted with one very unwise act, and also with a demonstration of the substantial harshness as well as the cruel abruptness of the mine-owners' offer. The parties should, therefore, be asked to come together in a different spirit. If that change of temper ensues, it is not, in our view, absolutely necessary to insist on a preliminary return of the safety men. That will quickly come.

THE following is the main story of this week of agitation and negotiation. At the moment when it became clear that the miners' two partners in the Triple Alliance were in the mood to support them, even to the extent of a sympathetic strike, the Prime Minister again appeared in his usual rôle of quick-change performer. Any hope he may have entertained of political advantage from the strike must have receded when the public realized the extent to which the coal-owners' terms lowered the miners' standard of life. So the position taken up a week earlier was abandoned. Sir Robert Horne then stated that the only course was for the owners and miners alone to try to settle by bargaining for district rates. In his speech on Tuesday night Sir Robert repeated this view in hard and complacent terms. But the following speeches from the Labor benches deeply impressed the House with the substantial justice of the miners' case on the wages question. Therefore, after private consultations outside, the Prime Minister appeared as a conciliator, with reserves, and offered the

help of the Government in an attempt to reach a settlement. On Wednesday his invitation to owners and miners to reopen negotiations coincided with the decision of the transport workers' conference to give full support to the miners, and to join with the railwaymen in such action as might be decided upon jointly. The railwaymen's conference was bound by the mandate of over 90 per cent. of the delegates to offer similar support. But at a joint meeting of the three Executives in the afternoon, it was decided to defer a final decision on the nature of their action until a later stage.

THIS postponement was due to the new move from Whitehall. The way therefore seemed to be open for a calm review of the whole situation, when an obstacle was raised by the owners, who, in accepting the Prime Minister's invitation, suggested that the pumpmen should return to the pits as a preliminary condition. Mr. George immediately laid this down as essential (which he had certainly not done before). The miners, who had at first accepted the invitation, now drew back. A meeting between the Prime Minister and the Miners' Executive on Thursday morning failed to bring agreement, and the idea of a conference was therefore abandoned for the time being. The owners had made no secret of their intention to resist any attempt to carry on for a time on a national basis, and hinted that they would only consider some advance on the lowest wages offered in the districts. The men's defence of the policy of withdrawing the safety men was that the owners had deliberately aimed at breaking the miners' standard of living, and that if the mines were preserved the owners could sit unconcernedly until the miners were starved into submission. It was argued, further, that a few hours' discussion on Wednesday would have shown whether there was any chance of agreement. In that event the pumpmen would have been ordered back instantly.

THE parties are, we are afraid, far apart, and if the men are embittered, the fault is largely Sir Robert Horne's. The miners contend that their charge of a conspiracy to force down wages is justified by the fact that certain obvious compromise settlements were avoided by the owners and the Government, that the owners have never advanced an inch from their original position, and that Sir Robert Horne's statements have been mere owners' propaganda. In this last contention there is much truth. Sir Robert has undoubtedly tried to create the impression that there was no alternative settlement except that proposed by the owners, and that the men were out to maintain wages and profits at the taxpayers' expense. Yet agreement would probably have been reached without strife if the national arrangement had been continued until August 31st, as in the case of the railways, subject to a mutual agreement of the owners and miners to a cut in profits and wages so as to limit Government help to the capacity of the Exchequer. Each party would then have contributed something to keep the industry going, and the reduction in wages, spread equally over all the coalfields, would not have been oppressive. An arrangement on these lines is still feasible. But it may become impossible if

the conflict spreads and grows embittered. The miners agree that some reduction in wages is necessary. But they will not accept starvation rates.

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THE report of the Commission set up by the American "Nation" newspaper on the state of Ireland, is distressing and humiliating reading for English people. Many will say, of course, that the authors of the report were not in a position to conduct a full inquiry into the facts. That is true, for our Government would not allow the Commission to visit Ireland. But exactly the same could be said with equal truth about the report of Lord Bryce's Commission on the state of Belgium in the war. Many will say again that the report exaggerates the horrors of our rule at the present time: that is probable, but the same could be said with equal probability about our account of Germany's conduct in Belgium. The truth is that no Englishman who cared at all about the truth could write a report on Ireland which Englishmen would read without shame and alarm. As Ireland has not been closed to foreigners, the horrible truth is known, with more or less detail and accuracy all over the world. A distinguished American journalist, Mr. William Hard, is now publishing in an American journal the conclusions he has formed after a close study of the state of Ireland. There are a large number of Englishmen who know perfectly well that our administration is now one of the gross scandals of Europe, who persist in looking away and trying to forget the facts, just because the scene and the facts are so horrible. When anybody presents the facts, they shrink as a man who has a tender spot shrinks when something hard is pushed against it.

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THE report is the work of a Commission which represents all shades of American opinion. Such a document cannot be dismissed as unimportant, and we note that one Unionist evening paper, while deploring the conclusions, points out that the publication of such a report is a very serious event. It will be read not only in America but all over the world. It is useless, of course, for the Government to publish denials, for no denials from a Government which has refused the demand of leading Englishmen for an inquiry are worth anything either here or abroad. If the allegations made in this report were untrue, there would be one very simple way of discrediting them, and that would be to publish a report by independent Englishmen whose names carry confidence in this country. Nobody can expect America to be impressed by departmental inquiries, the results of which are foregone; even the House of Commons listens to the stereotyped answer with cynical amazement. The report, though it is most disagreeable reading for Englishmen, may serve the purpose of making the English people realize how this quarrel looks to other nations. Englishmen must get it into their heads that these atrocities will be brought to an end either by the indignation of England or by the indignation of the world.

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"THE appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Lord Edmund Talbot is regarded in Ireland (writes an Irish correspondent) as an extension of the Government's offensive against the nation on the ecclesiastical front. It is the obverse of the British mission at Rome, whose activities have recently received a notable check. To see the Irish question as a religious issue is simply to misunderstand its essence. It is true that there is an anti-Catholic campaign conducted for the most part by

some of Lord Edmund's political colleagues, but it is in the last degree puerile to imagine that the religion of a Lord Lieutenant will influence Irish opinion in his favor. It will, on the contrary, add to the suspicion with which he is regarded, for he belongs to a family and class in traditional hostility to Irish interests. The situation presents him with one opportunity of modifying or disarming this suspicion. When he goes to Ireland it should be his first duty to examine the position of the expelled Catholic workers of Belfast, ten thousand of whom with their dependants are living on public charity since the pogroms of last summer. He can ascertain the facts without difficulty. He will learn of the lamentable speech to the Queen's Islandmen of Sir James Craig, expressing general approval of their conduct which, in the circumstances of its delivery, must have been understood by his hearers as approval of their share in the expulsions. The new Lord Lieutenant has worked in political association with Sir James Craig, the future Belfast premier. He is, therefore, in a position to set this matter right."

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THE romantic episode of the attempted Hapsburg restoration is over, and after his descent on Hungary, the Pretender Karl has returned to exile. One must not look, on such a subject, for unbiassed news, for Hungary is under a permanent White Terror, and to this an extra censorship has been added. One may be sure that the town workers are to a man hostile to any Hapsburg restoration, and so, less decidedly, are the organized peasants. The dominant upper class and the reactionary anti-Semitic, Nationalist part of the middle class is as decidedly Royalist, but it is divided in its preference for various pretenders. The more disreputable part of it, including the Terrorist troops who are especially attached to the Dictator Horthy, are opposed to the claims of the late King-Emperor. Unless we misjudge his character, from his policy and declarations during the war, he is a man vastly above the moral level of those who now manage this terror-ridden feudal State. There seems to have been a big rally to him from the aristocracy, the Church, and the professional officers, and for several days he lingered at the Bishop's palace in Steinamanger, hesitating whether he should risk a march on Budapest. He recoiled, from a horror of bloodshed, which one can believe to be sincere, but he issued a renewed claim to the throne as he withdrew.

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It is well that he is gone. The "Little Entente" (Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania) was arming, and is said to have sent an ultimatum, threatening immediate war if Karl should regain his throne. The objection to his return has nothing to do with his personality. For ourselves, we consider that few modern kings have so good a record, and we imagine he would be a vast improvement on the Regent Horthy. But any Hapsburg restoration means the revival of imperial claims, and the "Little Entente" opposes it, because it would mean, sooner rather than later, a Magyar attempt to recover the lost territories of Hungary; nor could a Hapsburg be satisfied to reign at Budapest: the claim to Vienna would not be long in abeyance. While we regard the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy as one of the chief disasters of the Peace, we hold as firmly that any restoration of the old unity, if it is ever possible, must come freely and gradually, under republican and federal forms. The return of any Hapsburg would mean war. The Allies did well to place their veto upon it, but we fear that many French and perhaps some British official personages have other views. The proposal which

some others are said to favor, to make Karl's young son Otto King of Hungary, with Horthy as Regent, is actually more dangerous than the return of Karl himself. It is based on the same dynastic legitimist principle, and would involve the same territorial claims, without the safeguard of Karl's pacifism. The veto should be general, and it must be enforced.

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THE Greeks have suffered a severe defeat in their renewed war upon the Turks. They have been outflanked on their left (North) wing, and driven back from Eskishehr, and this withdrawal has so disorganized their line that they have had to abandon also their important gain on their right (South) flank, the junction of Afun Karahissar. Their casualties are between four and seven thousand, and it is significant that the Turks owe their success largely to good artillery work. The Greeks said in London that their enemies were almost without guns. They are now back at the lines which the Supreme Council originally fixed for them. King Constantine, who has to vindicate his ability to prosper without Allied aid against the Venezuelists (who based themselves upon it), may not be able to accept this reverse without a further effort, and he has reserves in process of mobilization. One most mischievous factor of the position is that the Greeks persist in believing (and they may have good reason to do so) that they still enjoy the covert support of Mr. Lloyd George's Government. In spite of this, or, rather, because of it, it is now more than ever incumbent on the Allies to impose peace, on the basis of the compromise proposed at the London Conference, or of some variant of it.

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SIGNOR GIOLITTI has completed his plans for a sudden, tactical dissolution, and the date for the Italian General Election is definitely fixed as May 15th. The reasons for dissolving a Chamber which has only sat for a few months are more easy to guess than to defend. Signor Giolitti's majority is certainly weak, and far from homogeneous, but it did give him the necessary support. The rallying cry is to be on Lloyd-Georgian lines, "Down with the Socialists!" and a big middle-class coalition is being formed, though the Clerical Populists remain outside it. Signor Giolitti's policy has hitherto been on *laissez faire* lines, as Pontius Pilate read them. First, he gave the Socialists a free hand, and allowed them to seize factories and farms, without any attempt at police interference. Next, he smiled with equal indifference on the violent tactics of retaliation, organized by the middle-class Fascisti, who have hurled bombs at Labor meetings, murdered Socialists, and smashed their clubs and newspaper offices, also without arousing the interest of the police. At present it looks as though the Fascisti were on top, in a very anarchical country. Moscow has made things worse by deliberately splitting this powerful and, on the whole, practical Socialist Party. Signor Giolitti may be right in his calculation that the moment is propitious for reducing their strength in Parliament. These tactics do not redound to the moral credit of the State, but they may succeed, for Signor Giolitti has the authentic "Latin" touch in "making" elections.

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FROM time to time it is well to recollect that the scandalous Vilna question is still open. It is now six months since this large territory was occupied, in defiance of the orders and protests of the Allies, by a large Polish force. It is still there, in undisputed possession. The

proposal of the League of Nations to hold a *plébiscite* has been foiled. We are now told that negotiations are about to open at Brussels, under the guidance of the League, to settle the matter by consent. But what chance can there be of equal dealing between Poland and Lithuania, while a Polish army holds the territory? The arbitrators of the League are in a pitifully weak position, for if they should happen to think (as most neutral persons do) that Vilna is not properly Polish territory, they also know that they are quite unable to evict the Poles. The League finds itself in such a position only because of the disloyalty of the Allies towards it. It was at the time the general belief, even in official Allied circles, that Poland made her raid on Vilna with French support. Without it she would hardly have dared to defy the verbal protests of the Powers. Those protests meant nothing. The fate of Vilna may not be a question of the first European importance, but a scandal which discredits the League matters, or ought to matter, to us all.

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RUMOR has it that Mr. Churchill has settled the fate of Mesopotamia by assigning it as a kingdom to the Emir Feisul. If he sets up his throne in Bagdad, it is thought that our troops might retire to Basra. We confess to grave doubts. Will anyone, save such tame pro-British party as there may be, accept an imported monarch, whose only claim to the throne is our favor? Will the Kurds, and the numerous Shiah Moslems, welcome an Arab prince? If it took 200,000 men to hold down the "rebellious" element, what resources can Feisul bring with him to replace them? While these doubts lead us to question the expectation that this solution will avoid the military burden of Mesopotamia, the publication of the official correspondence with America over our oil monopoly serves to remind us of the moral cost. Lord Curzon is a much more effective despatch writer than Mr. Colby, and on the plane of mere legality he can make a plausible case by basing himself on the concessions granted by Turkey before the war. Such "rights" had, however, no value apart from the decision of the Allies to maintain them in the new circumstances. Lord Curzon is really arguing that our assumption of the rôle of disinterested protector over Mesopotamia altered nothing.

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WE are glad to note the complimentary luncheon to Sir John Benn, the veteran member and leader of the Progressive Party on the London County Council, and one of the ablest of the group that determined to make London government a model of civic devotion, of energy, honesty, and public spirit, and in a restricted sense, of municipal Socialism. The Progressive Party has been worn down by a narrow, selfish ratepayers' policy, mishandled, and finally disunited and disheartened. But its work should not be forgotten. It became perhaps a little too much of a training school for Parliament. But in its inception it was a great centre both of idealism and of practical civic virtues. The best men in England flocked to it. Its labors, for it completely dominated the Council, made London a healthier and better city, and with the resulting zeal for education achieved for it a keenness and substantial unity of life and thought which all but dominated our social politics. The success of the Progressives, be it remembered, was achieved by a working combination of Liberals and Radicals, Labor men, the Churches, the Socialists, and the flower of the Unionist Party. And its career is an object-lesson, very pertinent to the politics of the hour. Who will re-adapt it to them?



## Politics and Affairs.

### A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE JUNGLE.

Is it by accident or of design that neither side in this sharp battle over coal ever mentions the international causes of our crisis? The broad facts are all of them matters of common knowledge. The play of cause and effect is so obvious that any layman can observe it. Alike when it throve and when it declined, our industry was influenced, largely and even mainly, by the abnormal conditions of the Continent. Foreign policy, partly political, partly economic, has played a sovereign part in the fortunes of owners and miners alike. None the less, as if by common consent, these foreign factors are omitted from the controversy. This forgetfulness of the essential causes makes the problem at once unintelligible and insoluble.

The history of coal in the last three years has been a gigantic international romance, and without the clue which it supplies, the diplomacy and the economics of the post-war period are an impenetrable fog. The "real politics" of enemies and allies alike have pivoted on coal, and in a less degree on oil and iron-ore. A complete narrative would go back to the early years of the war, when both sides began to formulate war-aims. On the German side "heavy industry," in a notorious memorandum, clamored for the annexation of the coal-pits of Northern France, the iron-pits of Briey, and, with or without disguise, of the black country of Belgium also. It was a highly scientific document, which worked out the potentialities of these fields not in coal alone, but in benzol and other by-products. Victory was conceived in terms of coal, and the authors realized clearly that the Power which added these fields to its own would enjoy an economic hegemony over Europe. The French, on their side, were not far behind: the demand for the "natural frontier" which M. Poincaré made officially in the negotiations towards the Russian Secret Treaty, was primarily a claim to the Saar coal-field and the Lorraine iron-field, and possibly also to the Ruhr. These for both sides were the real stakes of battle.

In the final agony, the decisive historical deed was the wrecking, at Ludendorff's orders, of the French pits. Read in connection with the dismantling of French and Belgian factories, the purpose was obvious. German "heavy industry" had lost the positive stake for which it was fighting. It still hoped for a negative success. It had to evacuate the Franco-Belgian black country, but it determined to leave it in such a condition that it should be eliminated for several years as a competitor from the markets of the world. The Allied statesmen designed a "war after the war" by tariffs and prohibitions. The Germans dealt their stroke by water and fire.

The result of Ludendorff's achievement was to make an unprecedented coal famine in Europe. It was aggravated after the Armistice by the prolongation of the blockade, and by all the obstacles, some inevitable and others wilful, to free exchange across the new provisional frontiers of a chaotic Continent. This dearth, the consequence partly of a German crime, and partly of Allied policy, was the opportunity of our British industry. The crime was denounced in scathing words. It raised the temperature of the peace period by some perceptible degrees, and we were lavish in verbal sympathy for the French. We were all resolved to see them righted, and in the meantime we sold them our own coal at £6 10s. a ton. The Italians, wholly dependent on imported coal, were in an even worse plight, and

English coal often cost as much as £12 a ton on the quays of Genoa. This was not the mere unregulated consequence of the law of supply and demand. Given the scarcity, high prices, if all the world's markets and supplies had been free, would inevitably have been high. But, allowing for varying qualities and for varying costs of transport, the price would have been more or less uniform. These, however, were the days of control. The industry was rigidly regulated. The domestic price was kept comparatively low, while the exporter was allowed to profiteer to his heart's content. It was even the deliberate and avowed policy of Mr. George's Government to enforce the sale of coal in this country somewhat below cost price, while the industry was bidden to recoup itself out of the grim needs of bankrupt Italy, starving Austria, and, above all, of devastated France. One man sows and another reaps. Ludendorff blew up the French mines, and we cashed the profits of scarcity.

The reaction and the Nemesis came in due course. Our industry had abused its opportunity with a rashness which even the least internationally minded profiteer must now regret. The French had provided for their own future needs very amply in the Versailles Treaty. They had got the Saar mines as a perpetual possession, and they had the right to exact an immense tribute of coal in addition from the Germans. Their needs, however, were large. They had somehow to make good the 50 per cent. loss in the yield of their own northern mines, and they also needed a good coking coal to work the iron of Lorraine, for the Saar coal is not the best for that purpose. The tribute had hitherto arrived irregularly, and was in arrears. Then came the Conference at Spa, at which the Germans were compelled, by the appearance of Marshal Foch in shining armor at the critical moment, to promise the punctual delivery of two millions of tons monthly of the best hard coal of the Ruhr. Our statesmen helped them in this act of coercion as blindly as they had assisted in the previous phase of profiteering. First Mr. George allowed, and even enjoined, our coal-owners to exploit our Allies until all Europe cursed our greed. He then helped the French to escape from our clutches by exploiting the Germans. He foresaw nothing. He slid from one easy and timely iniquity into another.

The Spa tribute was delivered punctually and in good measure. Already, in the autumn of last year, the effects began to be felt. The French railways were encumbered and the sidings glutted with coal trains. The available stocks in France exceeded all possible needs, the more so as American coal, attracted by the fantastic prices which we had fixed, had begun to come in to undercut us. The result was that the price of imported coal tumbled down in the French market to 23s. a ton. We had actually helped the French to extort a *gratis* tribute of coal from Germany, and naturally our own figure of 115s. or 130s. a ton could not be maintained. In a very few months after Spa, our French market had totally vanished. Nor was this all. We had helped the French to fix a figure for the tribute far above their own needs. They presently began to sell their surplus of tributary German coal to Holland, Scandinavia, and Italy. The coal costs the French Government nothing. It can sell cheap, and still make a rich profit. It has, naturally, cut into our foreign market outside France, both by replacing our exports and by forcing us to lower prices. Only the other day we still further strengthened the grip of the French on the European coal trade, by consenting, as one of the "sanctions," to the occupation of the chief German coal-ports and depôts, Duisburg and Ruhrort. If we allow Upper Silesia to be divided, by assigning its mines to French syndicates under the Polish flag, the entrench-



ment of France as the mistress of most of the chief coal-fields of Europe will be complete.

The loss of all this export trade promptly produced the crisis which Mr. Frank Hodges calls the "bankruptcy" of the coal industry. It was, of course, aggravated by the growing unemployment at home, for the demand for industrial coal also fell off. This, too, had its foreign causes. Thanks to our subsidized civil war and the blockade, Russia had long ago ceased to buy English coal or anything else. Germany, with the indemnity demands hanging over her, dared not purchase, even if she had had the wherewithal. Her mercantile marine, which used to be supplied largely with English bunker coal, is lying rotting and unsaleable in our own ports. Our total tonnage of all goods shipped to German, Austro-Hungarian and Russian ports was in 1920 less than a tenth of the tonnage of our export to these ports in 1913. Our industry felt the restriction of its market, and our coal trade now declined, firstly because it had lost the Allied market, and secondly because neither directly (through shipments of coal) nor indirectly (through exports of manufactured goods based on coal) could it recover the enemy market. The indemnity and the whole policy of Versailles ruined coal in both these ways.

To-day the wages reductions which the owners are proposing measure more or less accurately the prospect. Coal is an international commodity. Take off controls, and it will sooner or later find a general level. Tributes, blockades, and currency complications interfere with the process, but in this instance the shrewd French manipulation of the tribute has somewhat hastened it. France is forcing Germany to export far beyond her ability, with the result that her economic recovery and the restoration of her standard of life are thereby hindered and delayed. That is a cruelty in its effect on the German working class. It is also a direct blow at our own. For our coal is now competing in the world market with German coal got by sweated labor. The maximum wage of a German miner seems to be about 25s. a week for the most skilled grades, including in this wage the overtime rates for the extra "indemnity shift," which imposes two days of 10½ hours a week. If the best hard Westphalian coal can be got for a wage of 25s., and can be sold in France at 23s. a ton, and exported by France to Holland, Scandinavia, and Italy, it is plain that our own industry can recover its foreign market only by the drastic cutting of wages, or profits, or both. In other words the pressure of this enforced competition is driving down English wages to levels that begin to come nearer to Central European rates. There is still a big interval. Even with these reduced wages, the English miner will not be reduced to the diet of black bread and lard and cabbage soup, with meat once a week, which seems to be usual in Germany. But the process of levelling down has begun.

We have omitted many details in this singular chapter of history, and an expert could doubtless add much convincing matter. It is a typical extract from the annals of our jungle. Here, with all the crudity of war-time, is the spirit of our acquisitive society, the fine flower of that competitive individualism which Mr. George administers and defends. Ludendorff's act was in the Prussian manner, grosser, coarser, and more savage than anything in the Allied record of blockading, profiteering, and predatory tribute-taking. But the spirit and the effect are the same. The remedies, and the constructive policies which would have averted these disasters, have been advocated time and again in our own columns and elsewhere. From the Armistice onwards the world's raw materials, including, above all,

coal, ought to have been rationed evenly and without discrimination to all Europe. Had that been done our industry might not have rioted in all its recent prosperity, but it would have escaped the present slump. The German tribute should have been limited to the very small quantity required (including the yield of the Saar field) to make up for the actual loss by the destruction of the French pits. Germany would then have had coal enough to recover something like her normal industrial productivity, and would ere this have been a purchaser in our markets. But to complete these proposals would be to re-write the Treaties from start to finish. The history of coal is only one demonstration of many that, in our complex economic world, he who schemes to ruin his neighbor ends by laming himself.

#### BACK TO 1914.

THE true understanding of the coal crisis is made difficult, as happens in all these cases, by conflicting statements from owners and miners. It is no small scandal that in a case like this the public have not from the first had access to authoritative figures. The Government which has been controlling the industry, and making a good deal of profit out of it, ought at least to supply the nation with figures that the ordinary citizen can trust. Unfortunately, the inveterate habit of the Government of treating every question as a problem in electioneering has brought every statement it makes into discredit, and for the first time in our history—at any rate since we organized a neutral civil service—official figures are regarded with as much suspicion as those supplied by avowed partisans. This is one of our standing difficulties, and it will not disappear until we have Ministers in power who possess the old-fashioned virtues and restore the old-fashioned practices which gave our administration a special character. What happens in these cases is that some phrase sticks in the public mind, and often a misleading phrase. Thus there has been a good deal of talk to the effect that the new scale is 2½ times "the pre-war standard"; so that people would suppose that this meant 2½ times the standard of wages being paid in 1914. It actually means something very different: it means 2½ times the standard basis on which wages were reckoned in 1914. In each district there was a standard below which wages were not to fall, and the wages paid were described in reference to that standard. Thus in one district they would be, say, 50 per cent. in advance of the standard, and the standard might be the standard of 1888 or 1893. To talk of the pre-war standard in this way is, therefore, highly misleading. Mr. Percy Hurd, the M.P. for the Frome division, gives some figures in a letter to the "Times," controverting some figures given by Captain Eric Gill. We do not know which set of figures is correct, but it is obvious that Mr. Hurd is not likely to understate the owners' offer. It is important, therefore, to note that in no one single case does the new wage, as given by him, amount to double the wage paid in 1914, and the average increase works out at 91 per cent. over that wage, which is far less, of course, than the increase in the cost of living, reckoning it at about 140 per cent.

The case of the miners is really only part of a general problem, though, of course, it has special features of its own. Nobody denies that the miners are asked to accept reductions on a scale without precedent in modern history. There can be few who do not realize that what is happening to the miners to-day is going to happen in other industries to-morrow. The question really at issue is this. Some readjustment to present conditions is necessary in the world of industry.

Is that readjustment to be effected by throwing back the workers into the world as it was in 1914, or is it to be effected by methods that require certain new principles which the workers believe to be vital to their interests? The treatment of the miners by the Government is a violent illustration of the first method. For some years the Government have controlled the coal industry; they have so conducted that control as to make England appear to the world a heartless profiteer; they have pursued a foreign policy which has reacted on the industry with rapid and painful results; and at the moment when the industry is feeling the full effects of their mistakes, they withdraw and tell the industry to do what it can for itself. One cannot imagine a case in which the obligation to avoid a precipitate crisis of this kind was clearer or stronger. It is not surprising that railwaymen, transport workers, and building men all regard this as one of a series of measures designed to put the workers in the several industries at the mercy of the great capitalist power represented in the F.B.I. Thus, whereas the ordinary middle-class onlooker says, "Surely these other workers will see that they ought not to be asked, as taxpayers, to subsidize one set of workers," what the workers really say is, "Are we to wipe out everything that has been said and done since July, 1914; to go back to the old scramble, and to admit that the workers are to have no say in the methods by which war-time conditions are modified or brought to an end?" With the problem so presented, workers of all industries have a common interest in demanding that the mines shall not be decontrolled in the way the Government propose, and that the industry shall not automatically revert to the old system of differential wages, as if the pre-war conditions were universally regarded as satisfactory and equitable.

The capital question put by the miner is not easy to answer. Why should a miner who works in an unprofitable district receive less pay for the same work than the miner who works in a profitable district? All the experiences of the war have strengthened the demand for equal wages. During the war food rationing was conducted on this principle; war bonuses were given on this principle; and there has been a steady tendency to standardize wages in the building trades, in engineering, and in other industries. The Post Office servant is not paid less because the Post Office does less business in one town than another. The civil servant's pay does not vary with local profits. Standardization is now accepted on the railways, though railwaymen look with great and natural concern on their future prospects, if the miners lose their case to-day. The miners ask for something which is not on the face of it unreasonable, and their demand is a challenge to the gospel of the industrial revolution which put profits before life and made civilization dependent on that inhuman and impersonal master. What is the answer of the coalowners? Is it reasonable that Smith, who is a competent, energetic, resourceful capitalist, should pay over some of his profits to Jones, who is sluggish, inefficient, with no eye for his opportunities? That question is not easy to answer either. If it is unanswerable, if, that is to say, it is impossible to devise arrangements that will give the miners this equal wage within the four corners of the existing system, what is the conclusion? Either we are driven to nationalization, for under nationalization it obviously could be done, or we must face the prospects of a continual conflict, for it is not probable that this desire will disappear. Even if the miners were beaten to-day, there would remain this permanent element of trouble.

It is not surprising that all kinds of motives are attributed to the Government in precipitating this crisis.

There is a constant struggle going on between two principles. One set of people holds that the world can only be rescued from its present plight by great reductions in wages and by destroying the power of the trade unions. That view is held quite sincerely in many quarters, and the powerful interests that press it have authority, it is no secret, with the Government. The Prime Minister's recent speech reflects their influence; Sir Robert Hornel's speech in the coal debate is a hard, unintelligent echo of their thought. The contrary school holds that industry is in a crisis in which the old iron laws and the old absolutist traditions can only bring disaster; that co-operation and mutual consultation are essential; that to call on the workers to accept reductions without giving them any say in the arrangements of the industry is merely to awaken a fiercer class battle than the conflict that was raging before the war. The Government have thrown in their lot with the first school. What is disastrous in their policy is that it is in danger of destroying the second school by creating a revolutionary atmosphere in which it has no chance of acceptance by the workers. The Government, that is to say, are driving the nation to a naked class war, in which big capital, on one side, will refuse any terms, and try to win support to its side by representing the workers as Bolsheviks, while the workers, on the other side, will become implacable, unreasonable, and desperate. Therefore it is that the hope for an escape from violence and confusion lies precisely in those elements of statesmanship which, if the renewed negotiations are to bring peace, the Government must re-discover and re-apply.

#### MADNESS WITH METHOD.

In these days, when most people seem able to believe anything they find convenient upon any or no evidence, it will be interesting to note how many Coalition Liberals are able to persuade themselves that in supporting the Governmental proposals "for the safeguarding of industries," they are not Protectionists. In form the financial resolutions, upon which the forthcoming bill is to be based, confine the tariff to key industries, the prevention of dumping, and of the underselling from countries with depreciated exchange. In substance these resolutions endow the officials of the Board of Trade with arbitrary powers to wield a great protective policy of a peculiarly damaging and "unscientific" character. The key industries resolution, directed mainly against Germany, though easily extensible at the official will to the United States, Switzerland, and other countries with scientific industries, was evolved in the heated atmosphere of war, and still relies for its defence on fear, rather than on economic interest. It hits not, to any appreciable extent, the ordinary British consumer, but a number of British industries, by forcing them to pay 33½ per cent. more than they need for some essential factors in production. For almost every one of the items in these nine lists, optical glasses and scientific instruments, magnetos, arc-lamp carbons, hosiery latch needles, tungsten, synthetic chemicals, and the like, figures as a cost of production in a variety of British trades. The reason for listing these articles is that we have not hitherto been able to make them in this country so cheaply or so well. There is no reason to suppose that the five years over which this protection is to extend will really enable us to catch up with the long lead of Germany in scientific work. It follows that all our industries which require these high-priced or excluded articles will be put at a disadvantage, both in the services they render to our consumers of their products and in competition for foreign markets. A high tariff upon all synthetic organic chemicals (to take one class only) will strike a damaging blow at a number



of our profitable export trades. To suppose that the trade of this country can all at once dispense with the superior results of German science is mere folly.

Resolution II. forbids the manufacturers and consumers of this country to accept the offer of foreign articles which the vendors are willing and able to sell us at a cheaper price than they charge their own people or than our people can afford to make them at. We are to keep out goods sold to us below the true cost of production. Why? Does not every thrifty housewife look out for opportunities to buy surplus stocks at reduced prices? Are not spring and autumn "sales" organized on this basis? Does any sane person suppose that there is loss either for the seller or the buyer in this process? In producing and selling on a large scale there is no separate cost of production for each particular article. The probability of an occasional surplus to be disposed of at the price it will fetch belongs to the ordinary calculation of every trader. Where a protective tariff in the producer's country enables him to sell dearer to his own countrymen than to foreigners, the real grievance surely rests with the former, not with the latter.

But the worst entanglements are contained in the provisions for a discriminative tariff against countries with a bad exchange. We are to be confined in our foreign purchases to countries to which we must pay dear because their exchange is better than ours. We may buy freely from America, Sweden, Holland, and Switzerland, *but not from any of our European war allies.* We are to discriminate against France, Italy, and Belgium because, as the result of their war efforts, they are left in a bad financial condition, and to give preferential treatment to the neutral countries who kept out of the war, and to America, who entered late and sustained least damage! Even within our Empire we are to favor Canada and India as against Australia. There is a method in this madness, but the method only makes it madder. For the policy is directed to discourage us from buying from those nations which owe us money and seek to pay in the only possible way by sending us their goods, and to encourage us to buy from nations that are our creditors, thus enlarging our indebtedness.

Now the supreme folly of this procedure is that it makes for a general worsening of the bad and fluctuating exchange. For it stops the only really practical method by which countries with depreciated exchange can improve that exchange, *viz.*, by selling abroad as much as possible to countries with better exchange. If we really wanted to help the financially broken countries of Europe, including our Allies, on to their legs again, we should receive on the easiest terms all the goods they were able to sell us. For the favorable balance of trade they would thus effect would react at once in an improvement of their exchange. The policy our Government proposes to adopt will aggravate the trouble for the Continental countries, and will prevent any further recovery of our own dollar exchange.

Regarded from the standpoint of a scientific tariff, this policy suffers from two obvious and grave defects. In the first place it contemplates a single fixed duty of 33 1-3 per cent. on all classes of incriminated goods, irrespective of whether they come in as raw materials, semi-manufactured, or completely manufactured articles. Such a tariff would be rejected by any self-respecting tariff-monger as in effect an injurious discrimination in favor of finished as against unfinished goods, operating to reduce employment in the importing country. In point of fact nearly the whole of our imports in normal times rank, not as finished commodities for immediate sale to consumers, but as materials, tools, or other

capital goods, entering into the costs of production of other articles for sale in this country or abroad. In 1913 less than one-quarter of our net imports consisted of goods wholly or mainly manufactured, and by far the greater part even of the wholly manufactured goods were for use in productive or distributive processes in this country. Thus, we perceive how blind is this new blow to be struck at our industry in its most sensitive condition, when businesses are struggling to get back on to a firm footing and to re-establish their pre-war relations abroad.

But the other defect is even more fatal to the policy. A tariff applied equally to all foreign countries might at least be effective in achieving its object of keeping out the goods our consumers wished to buy, and of substituting English products for foreign ones. But this tariff will not do this. It will make us buy Dutch, Swedish, Swiss, and American goods instead of German, French, Belgian, and Italian. For these former countries will send us not only their usual quota of export goods, but a greatly enlarged amount, recouping themselves for their own national consumption by goods imported from those countries whose produce we exclude by our taxation. Sweden will send us not only the paper she has been previously sending, but the paper which Norway (taxed for bad exchange) will cease to send us, or, what comes to the same thing, will consume Norwegian paper herself, and send us all her own supply. No scrutiny into origins can deal effectively with such evident advantages of substitution, though it can create an expensive and irritating official machinery for trying to do so.

It would be improper to leave the subject without reference to the extraordinary reaction of these proposals upon trade with Germany. Our Government appears to contemplate, not merely no payment of reparations, but a virtual stoppage of all German trade with this country. For their embargo on the entrance of dyestuffs and certain other articles, with the 50 per cent. tax upon all German imports, will be reinforced in the case of all scientific products by 33 1/3 per cent. under the key industries provision, and apparently a further 33 1/3 per cent. for depreciated exchange, in the case of articles sold here "below the prices for which similar goods can be manufactured in this country." This would extinguish most of the slowly reviving trade from Germany, and would force that country to place her best export goods at a cheaper price than before at the disposal of our manufacturing competitors upon the Continent and in America.

The net effects of these measures may be thus summarized:—

- (1) By raising the prices of commodities to our consumers they reduce their demand for other goods, and bring unemployment to the trades producing them.
- (2) By raising the costs of production in industries which require these imported goods for productive uses, they either reduce the consumption of the finished products, or by raising their price reduce the demand for other classes of English goods.
- (3) They damage our export trades at a time when expanding exports are the only way by which we can pay for the foods and raw materials we require to purchase from abroad, having regard to the loss of so much foreign capital and the decline of shipping profits.
- (4) By depriving us of free access to the cheapest sources of supply, they reduce the aggregate volume of production, employment of labor, and real income for this nation.
- (5) They place fatal obstacles in the way of the economic and financial recovery of the weaker Continental nations, sowing dissensions between us and them, encouraging social and industrial disorders, and preventing the attainment of peace between nations or between classes.



## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ONE would like to think that some serious purpose lay behind Lord Edmund Talbot's appointment to the Irish Viceroyalty. If it were followed by Sir Edward Carson's removal to the Bench (he is now nominated for the Lord Chief Justiceship), if Greenwood were sent packing; if, in short, the Government held a single, firm, united, and enlightened purpose on Irish government, one might see in such a sequence of events a design to usher in a new Irish day. But, standing alone, the appointment is either meaningless, or (as the Irish suspect) a move in the old game of anti-Irishism at the Vatican. Lord Edmund is very like his late brother, the Duke of Norfolk, a pious, upright, and by no means unable English gentleman—a fact which makes his relations with the Irish Secretary none the easier. He is also a hard-shell Unionist. I do not know whether he has softened his views, or even changed them, under the wrongs recently offered to his Irish co-religionists. Even if that were the case, the Viceroy of these days is not in himself, and by himself, a political power. Therefore, it would seem that his nomination is no more than a feeler. And to so dubious an advance Ireland, it is clear, will not respond.

THE rest of the Ministerial re-fitting is the oddest patchwork. Mr. Churchill is retired from the Ministry of Air, and his relative and follower, Captain Guest, transferred to it from the hot-air branch, otherwise provided for. Sir Alfred Mond, who knows something of public works, makes an entirely comic appearance in the Ministry of Health, of which he knows nothing at all. Poor Dr. Addison, thrown to the anti-wastrels and then snatched from their very jaws, becomes that melancholy thing, a Minister without a portfolio. Mr. McCurdy (where is Sir William Sutherland?) is surely the strangest Whip going. As for Mr. Kellaway—well, there is always a Mr. Kellaway.

READERS of "Eminent Victorians" will not, I think, be disappointed in "Queen Victoria." Certainly it is as brilliantly composed. Mr. Strachey has no novelty of material to offer, for, with the conclusion of Disraeli's life, the greater episodes of the Queen's life had been fully explored. But he makes an ingenious and provoking use of the old. Practically the book is a little gallery of historical miniatures, slight if you will, but still beautifully finished. The Melbourne struck me as the most subtle of these portraits; the Prince Albert as the most deliberately piquant, and also (in Mr. Strachey's ironical method) the most sympathetic. It is clear that Mr. Strachey likes Queen Victoria, of whose simplicities and angularities most of the serio-comedy of his book is made up, and that he admires the Prince Consort. But I don't know whether his readers will think so. For his sense of fun has been so tickled by the picture of the good Prince trying to make England serious and German, and of the successful national revolt against the proposed transmigration of souls, that I suspect the less simple will be scandalized. The same may be said of the uproarious farce of the relationship between the Queen and Lord Beaconsfield. Nevertheless the book is delicate of poise, no less than of workmanship; indeed, it is one of the most continuous, audacious, and successful examples of ironical writing in the English language. And Mr. Strachey is quite right as to the political moral of the Queen's reign. She found the Monarchy very

strong. She left it very weak. Since her death its political power has practically disappeared.

THE episode of Karl's bid for the Hungarian throne is taken rather lightly here as a personal freak, but that is not at all the theory of the Continental Liberal or Socialist. Karl is not a man of strong will or personal initiative. Therefore, if he left Switzerland, he must have been strongly prompted from without. There are diverse views as to who these tempters were. French reactionaries are freely quoted. But we are not held blameless. Dr. Mayr, for example, the Austrian Chancellor, stated the other day in a Committee of the National Assembly, that Karl passed into Hungary with an English passport, made out to William Codo, member of the British Red Cross. "William Codo" is the kind of English name which Victor Hugo or Jules Verne used to produce as examples of the purest Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, though I cannot imagine any British official inventing it. But how came it about that our Red Cross was put to such a use?

ONE hopes that the miners will consent to restore the safety workers, for the abandonment of the pits lost them many friends, and opened the path to the rule of the bad spirit of sabotage. But it is just as well to remember what the miners meant by this tactic. Partly, no doubt, they wished to make the strike absolute, and to force the owners to face a great loss of property as the result of a prolonged closure of the pits. But their action is also the retort on the extremest individualism of the mine-owners: "You say that the mines are your property. Then do not ask us to keep your plant intact." But the public objection to this act is the true, though the sub-conscious, sentiment that the mines do not belong either to the miners or to the mine-owners, but that they are part of the soil, and that the soil in the last resort is the property of the nation, which does not, and cannot, part with its vested interest, and hates to see it damnified. That is really the case for nationalization.

I HAVE a great regard for Mr. Sheppard, the excellent vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and much sympathy with his plea in the "Times" for raising the banner of the ideal. Mr. Sheppard suggests that he would be happy if it could be said of some right honorable gentleman that he had risen in the House and "based his speech on the spirit of Christ." Well, this miracle of the professing Privy Councillor, or something like it, has occurred. A little time ago Mr. Lloyd George declared, if I remember rightly, that "the one need of England" was "the healing of the Cross." But Mr. Sheppard does not, of course, mean this lip-service of politicians to sanctities which in their lives they desecrate. He means that there should be a real attempt to Christianize politics. One asks nothing better; nothing better, in fact, is needed. But let me be frank. It is for the Church to preach Christianity, if she wants the politicians to practise it. Does she do this? I give an example. Mr. Shaw does not, I believe, go to Church, though he once told other people to go there. But during the war Mr. Shaw took the course of talking and thinking of our enemies as if they were human beings, and had some kind of moral basis for their lives. How many Christian leaders and workers followed this elementary application of the Christian faith? I can recall a handful, and no more. Christianity in modern States has come to be a more or less liberally minded *Etatisme*. Mr. Sheppard praises some of our journalists of the Left because we occasionally adopt a

more or less ideal treatment of politics. Well, hearing something of the truth about these matters, we do tell a little of what we know, to the prejudice maybe of our careers and circulations. But (frankly, again) we do not dream of looking to the Church as the rock of our political salvation. Have we any cause?

AN Italian correspondent, whose view may thoroughly be trusted, sends me a serious account of the situation in Italy. He writes from a point of view which has nothing in common with the Bolshevik movement in Italy, whose excesses he dislikes and condemns, and whose incompetent leaders he denounces. Indeed, he holds them responsible for the original formation of the Fascisti, the Italian Black-and-Tans, with their policy of opposing force to force, and he considers that in the beginning these men assisted in protecting life and property. But gradually they grew in brutality till they had set up an oppression worse than Bolshevism. Now not a day passes without murder, arson, and violent attacks by them. The police are on the side of the Fascisti, and the Government seem satisfied with the turn things have taken, for it dispenses them from the unpleasant task of ordering the troops to fire on the workmen. The proletariat stand quiet and anxious between the Fascisti terror and the growing spectre of unemployment. Peace would be possible, but peace the Fascisti will not have. The agrarians in Central Italy use them to destroy the peasants' leagues and the rural co-operators, and they are also a weapon in the hands of the Northern manufacturers, who hope through them to prevent the passing of the Syndicalist Control Bill. In fact, all liberty and democratic hopes are threatened with extinction.

I do not suppose that the journalists who were accustomed to receive copies of the "Irish Bulletin" were taken in by the rather obvious parodies issued by the Crown, and sent to the recipients of the genuine documents. The "Irish Bulletin" was always soberly and ably written. The Crown issues wererodomontade; too gross and too silly for credence. But I suppose there was an intention to deceive. In either case—whether the object was to "guy" or to discredit the Sinn Fein organ—one would like to know whether this is the kind of propaganda which the House of Commons thinks a fit object for a subsidy. Are we so sparing of cash that the Crown ought to fling it away in forgeries or in parodies?

I SEE, by the way, that General Maurice has already denied in the "Daily News" the point which Captain Wright makes against General Robertson in his sensational book "At the Supreme War Council." General Maurice says that General Robertson did not "betray" the war plan of 1918, for the simple reason that he did not know of it at the moment when he is alleged to have been in possession of the great (but rather blown-upon) secret. There is matter in Captain Wright's book which seems material for the Law Courts even more than for the newspapers, and for merciful oblivion more than for either.

R. L. WRITES me:—

Sir Hamar was a knight  
Of stainless chivalry.  
He vowed that he would fight  
Till he set the lady free.  
The ogre proved defiant,  
Sir Hamar changed his note.  
He couldn't slay the giant,  
So he cut the lady's throat.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### A LEAGUE OF SPIRIT.

WHILE the whole world is at war, it is some comfort to hear even one voice, however still and small, persistently murmuring of peace. Amid the turmoil and shouting one may still catch the quiet words of an Indian pleading the cause of understanding, friendliness, and forbearance, as though they, and not devastating conflicts, were the most natural things in the world. In such a spirit it is that Rabindranath Tagore has been moving, almost silently, from country to country, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, insinuating his conception of an International University. He has received the kind of welcome that might have been expected for any Heavenly Visitant in the hell to which man has reduced mankind. Suspected as a seditious agitator, dogged by Government spies, impugned by official detraction, or, at the best, scornfully tolerated as an impracticable dreamer, he has trodden the well-worn and dolorous path of the spirit. But wherever he has been, in Europe or the United States, that one voice, however still and small, has persistently murmured of peace, and by his conception of an International University he has endeavored to clear one thin track towards it.

The track leads up a Hill of Difficulty. At the outset it encounters the vast obstacle of official education imposed upon the Indian peoples by their English rulers. No one should make light of that system. It has given the "educated classes" of India a common tongue, by which they can understand each other, no matter from what Indian race they spring. It has fostered the sense of Indian unity, and has enabled the educated Indian to move freely about the world. It has revealed to him the real wealth of English literature, and the peculiarities of English morality and custom. So long as our great political writers were admitted into the official curriculum, it encouraged the growth of freedom, and a belief in the advantages of self-government. But, after all, it is a relic of the complacent and self-satisfied Victorian age, when our statesmen confidently expected that any people trained upon the English model would soon become as good as the English, and what human being could hope for more? We all know the result—the inevitable result—of a foreign culture imposed upon a race of widely different mind and habit. Some of us have known the educated Indian of twenty or thirty years ago—the sort of man who prided himself upon his power of writing classical English, of imitating the English in every way, of composing verses in imitation of Swinburne or Shelley, and of pouring out English eloquence in the rolling periods of Gladstone, or still more antiquated orators. Under the pressure of an education that alone promised success, many became separated in thought and language from their own people; like that great jurist, Rash Behari Ghose, for instance, whose death was announced the other day. So intimate with English literature was he that his converse was a succession of quotations; so endued with English political thought that his speeches read like Pitt's; but he knew little of his country's mind, and could hardly address his fellow-countrymen in his native tongue.

Many of us have known that Indian whose mind was filled with fine passages from our poets and rhetoricians, and who poured out Burke, or Mill, or John Morley (not always to illustrate the consistency of the Secretary of State for India), but in whom we felt that too much had been crammed by heart, and we missed the perfect intimacy which comes only from the

ancestral mind and mother's milk. To the present writer it was a pitiful sight to see a true Indian poet, as Professor of Literature in the Calcutta University, set to instruct Indian youths in the text of Tennyson's "Princess"—a work which the Indian tradition and whole aspect of life rendered them utterly incapable of discovering, not only such beauties as might possibly be found, but any sort or shadow of meaning. Lest we should be thought prejudiced against our system, we may quote the words of a highly educated Indian, thoroughly conversant with Western ways, both here and in the United States. Speaking to the Conference of All-India Students at Nagpur last December, Lala Lajpat Rai said:—

"You ought to remember that one of the greatest defects of the present educational system is that it enables you neither to think independently nor to act independently. . . . In my eyes honest patriotic work in road-repairing is infinitely superior to a Deputy Collector's post. . . . It is not the principal object of life to seek a career or to be an academic animal. Anybody who can speak English well considers himself to be an enlightened and great man. I have found many a fool among those who can read and speak excellent English. We ought to find the main purpose of life in education rather than see it in the fashion which places us upon a false pedestal."

Similarly, Rabindranath Tagore himself writes of his own Western education that it made him feel like a tree not allowed to live its full life, but uprooted to be made into packing-cases:—

"Mind," he continues in an unpublished pamphlet upon his own school at Bolpur, "when long deprived of its natural food of truth, and freedom of growth, develops an unnatural craving for success, and our students have fallen victims to the mania for success in examinations. The definition of this success is to be able to obtain the largest number of marks with the strictest economy of knowledge. It is a deliberate cultivation of disloyalty to truth, of intellectual dishonesty, of a foolishness by which mind is encouraged to rob itself. But as we are made to forget the existence of mind we are supremely happy in the result. We pass examinations and shrivel up into clerks, lawyers, police inspectors, and die young."

He shows that throughout India there is not a single University established in modern times where a foreign or a native-born student can properly become acquainted with the best products of the Indian mind. "For that we have to cross the sea and come to the doors of Germany and France." He appears to forget that amazing structure which one used to call "Jumbo's Joss-house" at the top of the Broad in Oxford. Or perhaps no one enters to seek the Vedic wisdom there. At all events, his complaint is natural, and because of this false ideal in a Western education imposed upon the Eastern mind—because of what Tagore elsewhere calls the "education of a prison-house"—various attempts have been made to restore the ancient Indian method in an extreme fulness. Such an attempt may be seen in the Gurukula near Hardwar, just where the holy Ganges issues in purity from the mountains. There, under the rules of the stricter sect in the Arya Samaj, crowds of Indian youth remain for the sixteen years from eight to twenty-five, protected from the feminine presence, except for a mother's visit once a year; almost without intermission studying the Sanscrit grammar (learnt by heart for eight years) and the Vedic scriptures; dressed, fed, and trained upon the simplest ancient Indian lines. It was the same feeling of reaction against an alien method which prompted Mahatma Gandhi to declare at a public meeting in Mirzapur Square last January:—

"I am thankful to modern civilization for teaching me that if I want India to rise to its highest height I must tell my countrymen frankly that, after years and years of experience of modern civilization, I have

learnt one lesson from it, and that is that we must shun it at all costs. . . . I am here to tell my educated leaders that my experience of modern civilization worked at its best told me in emphatic terms in the year 1908: 'God save India from that modern curse!'"

We all know to what a height of influence that reaction against our Western mind has brought Mahatma Gandhi—an influence almost omnipotent now over Mohammedans as well as Hindus. Even men who do not agree with his policy of Non-Co-operation, admit his power and his spiritual zeal. Rabindranath Tagore speaks of him as "the greatest of living men." Lajpat Rai, speaking in Bombay upon his return to India last year, exclaimed, "I challenge the whole world to produce another man like Mahatma Gandhi!" Most people recognize the power of the Non-Co-operation doctrine. Nearly all feel the attraction of a method so extreme, so natural, and, in appearance, so free from violence. In a letter to the Duke of Connaught last February, Mahatma Gandhi wrote:—

"The people have understood the secret and the value of non-violence as they have never done before. He who runs may see that this is a religious and purifying movement. We are leaving off drink, we are trying to rid India of the curse of Untouchability. We are trying to throw off foreign tinsel splendor, and by reverting to the spinning-wheel reviving the ancient and the poetic simplicity of life. We hope thereby to sterilize the existing harmful institutions."

This idealism has kindled the whole of India as no political teaching has kindled her before, not even in the Swadeshi time of fifteen years ago. Mahatma Gandhi is a Jain, and as such is opposed to violence of any kind, and too scrupulous of life to kill the tiniest insect. But yet is not Non-Co-operation—the Boycott, the "Sending to Coventry" upon an enormous scale—in itself a kind of mental and moral violence? What schoolboy would not rather be battered every day than "barred"? To hold no communication with the ruling race is a vengeance more terrible than rebellion, and Rabindranath Tagore seems to show a truer zeal for peace and goodwill by founding an International University in which even the English will be welcomed among the other Europeans. The University is gradually growing out of the school which Tagore founded himself some twenty years ago near Bolpur, a hundred miles north of Calcutta, in healthy, beautiful, though barren surroundings, remote from the disturbance of towns. It is called "Santiniketan," or "The Home of Peace," and there the restless European may slowly, and amid the natural scenes, absorb whatever may be permanent or of value to his own soul in the wisdom, music, and arts of the Indian East, while unconsciously diffusing the best thought and mental methods of his home. Nor is the University merely an institute for books and learning. It co-operates with the villages around to cultivate the land, breed the sacred cattle, spin clothes, crush oil from the oil-seeds, and produce the few other products needed here below by man. By man and woman! For women students are admitted on equal terms, an incalculable advance for India; and Tagore's next step is to build one resident house for the men who will come from Europe, and one for the women. In such an endeavor lies the way of peace. For, as he says, "the mission of education is to help us realize the inner principle of unity in all the knowledge and activities of our social and spiritual being."



## FAIRYLAND.

THE attitude of "Kensington" towards the coal village is pretty generally reflected in the London Press. It is a queer compound of ignorance, hatred, and fear. But the attitude of the coal village towards "Kensington" is far less known. It can only be understood when one remembers that there are no avenues of communication at all between one and the other except through popular literature and the popular newspapers. The coal village sees the life of all the "Kensingtons" only as reflected through these limited means of interpretation.

And this is why nine-tenths of the argument addressed to it from outside by those who lecture it on elementary economics or the principles of demand and supply fall upon entirely deaf ears. There is something pathetic, indeed, in the antithesis of outlook among honest citizens of the same community and nation as exhibited in the present struggle. It is impossible, say the newspapers and the politicians to the coal workers, that you should be permanently subsidized at the expense of the other workers, often poorer than yourselves. Why should agricultural laborers, cotton operatives, dockers, general laborers, pay taxes in order to give you more money for the coal than you can sell it for? On the other side comes an equally defiant answer: Although we have actually increased production as the Government urged us to do, we find ourselves suddenly faced with the cutting down of our wages by sums like 50 per cent., destroying our whole standard of life, and leaving us poorer, in proportion to the cost of living, than before the war. All are prepared to fight against it, and some, in desperation, to risk a general destruction of society rather than accept such offers. And when you come to examine this divergence, you will find it, partly at least, due, not to the coal workers' desire to grab the wages of other poor men, but to the coal workers' conception of the life of "Kensington." There are Tory papers who shriek against the uncensored Labor Press. But this is not the Press in which the majority of the workers are interested. Nor are its theories necessarily agreeable to the populations of the coal villages. It is the "capitalistic" Press itself which all unconsciously, and merely with the desire to meet the competitive demand for the greatest circulation, is exciting the workers to discontent and a refusal to accept lower wages.

The workman's staple reading is the Sunday newspaper. From this newspaper nine out of ten derive what conception they possess of the world outside their limited universe. There is no anti-capitalist Sunday newspaper. There is not even a Sunday "Daily Herald." Yet there are something approaching ten million copies of Sunday newspapers circulating among the working-class population of Britain. And it is from these that the average cottage home derives much of its impression of that "other nation" of the rich, which is now urging it to tighten its belt and be content with half its wages in response to iron economic law. One is startled in looking at these, for the most part, not discreditable productions, to find how little those with the largest circulation can realize what the effect of their continual propaganda must be among populations suddenly plunged into poverty. Some, indeed, are frankly records of crime, with a dash of obscenity. So that except for the harmless results of pigeon flying and popular football matches, nothing seems to be going on in the world but murders with violence, adulteries in high places, indecent assaults, unnatural crime. But even those newspapers which have eschewed this seemingly irresistible appeal to

the popular taste, which are clean, interesting, fairly well written, topical, exhibit a world so remote from the coal village and so easily occupied with the kind of pleasure which is to the coal village for ever denied, as to create the impression of great classes giving their lives merely to the luxurious pursuit of enjoyment. Consider, for example, the effect among two million unemployed workmen, and millions of others suddenly threatened with substantial loss of wages, of the great Sunday picture papers which circulate by millions in their homes. They are good enough of their kind, and no fault can be found on the ground of their appeal to the instincts of lust or cruelty. They simply provide pictures and articles showing the everyday life of a society which appears to be relieved from the need of wage-earning, and to be occupied with the problem of how to pass time as pleasantly as possible. You may examine, for example, this week's issues, no different from others. Pictures exhibit "A charming variation step in fox-trot, specially demonstrated on the Italian roof-garden"; "Novelties at a *palais de danse* fancy dress ball"; "Colonel and Mrs. X. riding at a meet of a hunt"; "Miss Y. and Major Z. in a foreign watering-place"; "Lady M. enjoying a round of golf at Biarritz"; "Lord A. and Colonel B. playing golf on the Riviera."

A page is given to scantily dressed but attractive actresses, and discussion of the plays in which they are appearing. Another to similarly dressed and similarly attractive cinema stars. Another, entitled "Mainly for Women," shows illustrations of "velvet ivy leaves trim a hat of pearl grey georgette"; "A charmingly draped frock in georgette and satin"; and "Small spring flowers covering the upturned brim of this toque." One guesses that this page is not designed to appeal to the wives of the coal-miners, who are threatened with half their accustomed wages. In another paper illustrations show women playing lawn-tennis, "the Hon. Mrs. F. beating Miss G."; or Yoshiwari's win at the Palace handicap, beating Merry Thrush and Orange Prince. Or a Society wedding, with rows of little Honorables in elaborate dresses. Or, even on the same pages that show the miners on strike, "gowns of white satin and crystal trimming and tulle."

The letterpress of such papers gives accounts of revelry and sport on the Riviera, gambling at Monte Carlo, articles on problems of auction bridge, records of country-house entertainments, women's fashions, novelties at fancy dress balls, golf contests, approaching fashionable divorces, and the wills of men who have made hundreds of thousands out of factory, workshop, and mine. The advertisement columns aggravate the general sense of a society indifferent to all but pleasure and comfort, with one column on beauty powder, which "removes face shine and has an exquisite perfume," and another "bath saltrates," and another on "six leading actresses' advice on the complexion," and another again on "obesity cured without drugs."

In the most popular features of these periodicals, the serial stories which are read so breathlessly by so vast an audience, the course of true love pursues its tangled way to ultimate victory invariably to a region in which money cares are unknown. The virtuous typist marries the son of the head of the firm as once the virtuous village maiden the son of the squire, and soars with him into a region where the difference between butter and margarine prices is negligible, and no one need eat Canterbury lamb. The whole vision, in fiction, in pictures, and in record, is of a world of beautiful, careless women, of athletic, idle men, provided with unlimited money from some source unknown, whose enjoyments are only disturbed by the failure of beauty, or the loss

of hair, or the growth of obesity, or the coming of wrinkles and old age, which philanthropic compounders of apparatus and medicines are prepared to remove at a moderate charge.

The curious element in all this is that the owners of these papers are providing exactly what the working people desire. They are running purely business concerns. They are finding what the public wants, and the public wants this and no other. Nor can the public be blamed for wanting this and no other. It is in the position of a child which escapes from a drab reality into the fairyland of pantomime. The coal village, in reading of this universe of idle and luxurious people, is reading of such a fairyland. Under normal conditions it has no envy of fairyland. It likes above everything to picture to itself the coming of some such transformation as when the Fairy Prince takes Cinderella to the ball. It delights in the popular *feuilleton*, with its story of sensational change. The boy likes to think that he may win the £1,000 offered for the guessing of football results. The girl cherishes the hope that some day there will come to her the proposal of marriage from the son of the war profiteer. There is no condemnation of this life because it is the life many would like to lead if they could attain it. The majority would show wonder and incredulity if anyone once definitely in it abandons it. It is the very poorest of the people in London, for example, who emerge with enjoyment from their slum dwellings to see a Royal procession, to see a popular marriage or funeral, before trailing back to the darkness of their own kingdom. And thus in time of prosperity the fairyland is regarded without resentment as being a region in which some are fortunate enough to attain what all would desire.

But it is when unexpected adversity comes like a sudden bolt from the blue, as among the coal villages at this time, that feeling is inflamed. The miners do not believe that the maintenance of their wages is dependent on taxing poorer men than themselves. They believe that it can be obtained by taxing richer men than themselves; by taxing fairyland. They have no idea of the dimensions of fairyland, or of what would happen if the wealth of fairyland was actually divided among the coal villages. But many of them have fought in the war, and all of them have worked in the war, in order that fairyland may remain intact from German invasion. And to-day, while pictures, gossip and advertisement still record the doings of a fairyland seemingly utterly unmoved by their present plight, they find themselves lectured on the need for the cutting of their wages to the bone, in order, as it appears to them, that fairyland may still persist in its fascinating, irrelevant life.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE MINES AND THE NATION.

SIR,—In discussing the coal situation in your last issue you say, "But the pits belong neither to miners nor to mine-owners. They are the property of the nation." Except as rhetoric or as conveying a moral idea this statement is not a fact. The Labor Party say they ought to be the property of the nation, the Sankey Report said so, and the Government promised to act upon this Report but broke their word. The actual position is that the coal pits, in the eye of the law, are the property of private persons, who (subject only to provisions for the safety of human life) have the right to work them as they like, to pay what wages they can get the

men to accept, to sell their product at whatever price they can squeeze out of the public, or, finally, to close them down altogether and refuse to get the coal. Those in favor of nationalization say that, quite apart from the general socialization of industry, such essentials to civilized life as land, minerals, and railways should not be in the hands of private exploiters to be worked or not worked, managed or mismanaged, at their caprice. Until the remnant of the Liberal Party is prepared to adopt at least this measure of nationalization they will have very little chance of making headway in the country. In any event, things being as they are, it is idle to disguise the facts by saying that the pits are the property of the nation.

When the original bargain with the coal-owners was made by the Government and the Bill ratifying the agreement was before the House of Lords, I pointed out that the course proposed to be adopted had all the disadvantages of both private ownership and nationalization, while failing to secure the advantages of either, with the single exception of temporarily unified control. I think the results, now we have reached the period of decontrol of the coal mines and the railways, go far to justify this prophecy.—Yours, &c.,  
RUSSELL.

April 5th, 1921.

[Our contention does not substantially traverse Lord Russell's. We repeat that in equity and truth, though not in law, the land of a country, including the underground part, belongs to the nation as a whole, and is certainly held in trust for it.—ED., NATION.]

### IRELAND AND THE FREE CHURCHES.

SIR,—A recent issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM contains a letter written by "A Free Churchman" in reference to the Assembly of the Free Churches in Manchester and its attitude to Irish reprisals.

I am sure THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM does not desire to be unfair in its criticisms or to publish what is not true. The Assembly was not "forced to introduce a resolution," except that it felt the compulsion of duty. The leaders had no "prolonged and difficult discussion," neither was the resolution "tame and anæmic in order to preserve unity and avoid trouble." It is absolutely foreign to the truth to say that that resolution "was denounced as hopeless."

In December last the Executive passed a resolution denouncing Irish reprisals. The resolution at Manchester added emphasis to the one which had been previously passed. Moreover, there was no "panic among the opportunists on the platform" or "hurried consultations." When the amendment was moved it was accepted at once without any demur or confusion.

We have failed to impress upon the Government the necessity of changing its policy, as great newspapers like THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM have failed, and as leading politicians in the country have also failed. We have to submit to the fact that we have all failed to persuade the Government that the policy which they are pursuing in Ireland is a wrong policy. We have done our best so far, as others have, but we do not intend to allow the matter to rest where it is. A deputation from the Council is to wait upon the Chief Secretary for Ireland with a view, not merely to denounce reprisals in Ireland, but also to offer some solution to a most difficult and urgent problem.—Yours, &c.,  
THOS. NIGHTINGALE.

Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.  
March 31st, 1921.

SIR,—I should be sorry indeed to criticize Mr. Nightingale or the Free Church Council unfairly. But I can assure Mr. Nightingale that delegates who were present at the Manchester Congress have found in my note a perfectly accurate impression of what took place. Mr. Nightingale says the Council was not forced to introduce a resolution on reprisals. The "Daily News" correspondent wrote: "Much pressure was brought upon the Council to express itself on the question of reprisals." Why was it necessary to bring pressure to bear? Mr. Nightingale declares that the resolution was not "tame and anæmic," and that it is

untrue to suggest that the Assembly denounced it as hopeless. If the official resolution was not "tame and anæmic," why did the Assembly insist on its drastic revision? The "Daily News" report states that "a suggestive alteration of the official resolution was adopted from the floor of the Assembly, changing what was termed a political argument into a Christian one." Mr. Nightingale seems quite proud because the leaders on the platform accepted the amendment "without any demur." I submit that the temper of the Congress was such that they had no alternative.

I admire Mr. Nightingale's sensitive and vigilant regard for accuracy, but he went astray in the autumn of 1914, when, in an article he wrote for a Nonconformist periodical, he said that a few weeks of war had done more good than years of preaching.—Yours, &c.,

FREE CHURCHMAN.

#### AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE WAR.

SIR,—Just because we in Austria fully admit that the old Monarchy had its share in the war-guilt, just because we and the Germans have opened our archives and tried to get at the truth, we deem it our duty to protest against unfair statements on the part of prominent personages of the Allied countries, who in the face of evidence still endeavor to heap all the guilt solely upon Germany and Austria. One of the worst sinners in that respect is M. Paléologue, the French statesman, and at the time of the outbreak of the war French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who, the other month, published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" his "Mémoires."

I will but point out two distinctly and demonstrably incorrect statements of M. Paléologue.

He writes (p. 257), under the date of July 29th, 1914, that "yesterday" (*i.e.*, July 28th) Austria-Hungary ordered a general mobilization. As a matter of common knowledge, this general mobilization was not ordered till the afternoon of July 31st, *posterior* to the Russian mobilization, whilst on July 28th Austria-Hungary had mobilized only eight army corps against Serbia. The Russian, not the Austro-Hungarian, general mobilization came first.

M. Paléologue also writes that, whilst the Tsar gave the order of mobilization on July 30th, 4 p.m., he (Paléologue) received only at 6 p.m. a telegram signed by M. Viviani and saying that France had decided to fulfil all her obligations under the alliance. As a matter of fact, this French promise preceded, not followed, the Russian mobilization. We know from the Russian Orange Book (No. 58) that Sazonoff already, on July 29th (one day before the Russian mobilization order), had given to Iswolski the telegraphic order "d'exprimer au Gouvernement Français notre sincère reconnaissance pour la déclaration que l'Ambassadeur de France (the same identical Paléologue) m'a faite en son nom en disant que nous pouvons compter entièrement sur l'appui de notre alliée, la France." In other words, the French promise of support was one of the conditions of the Russian mobilization. As Sazonoff said to Paléologue and Buchanan (English Blue Book, No. 17): "Si la Russie se sent assurée de l'appui de la France, elle ne reculera pas devant les risques de la guerre." The French promise of support, again, was dependent on British support. Now, on July 29th Grey told Cambon of his intention to declare to Lichnowsky that England would intervene in a war wherein France and Germany would take part. And this British promise, reported the Belgian Minister in St. Petersburg, de l'Escaille, to his Government (German White Book, Chapter 4), was of the greatest effect in Russia: "Cet appui est d'un poids énorme et n'a pas peu contribué à donner la haute main au parti de la guerre."

So much as to M. Paléologue's statements. But M. Paléologue has unconsciously characterized himself and thus contributed materially towards a solution of the question of guilt. Already on July 24th, he said to Sazonoff: "Iswolski et moi nous concluons de même; cette fois, c'est la guerre." On July 21st Poincaré told him: "Il faut que Sazonoff soit ferme et que nous le soutenons." As early as July 22nd (that is to say, *before* the handing in of the Austrian Note in Belgrade) the two daughters of the King of Montenegro, who were Russian Grandduchesses, told Paléologue with joy: "Le guerre va éclater! Il ne

restera plus rien de l'Autriche! Vous reprendrez l'Alsace et la Lorraine. Nos armées se rejoindront à Berlin; l'Allemagne sera détruite." And Paléologue himself, who from St. Petersburg had worked hard to get the three-years-service Bill passed in France, did he not write, on July 15th, 1914: "Le guerre est désormais fatale et abrève échéance?" —Yours, &c.,

(DR.) JOSEF L. KUNZ,

Austrian League of Nations Union  
(Law Section).

Vienna. April 2nd, 1921.

#### Poetry.

##### PEEPING TOM.

I WAS there, by the curtains,  
When strange men brought the box:  
And one at the house of  
Miss Emily knocks—

A still rat-tat-tat:  
The door opened; and then,  
Slowly pacing the steps, stooped  
In the strange men.

The door darkly closed.  
And, behold! their legs pass—  
Like a spectre's—Miss Emily's  
Window-glass.

'Though wherefore of late  
Her blinds hang so low,  
'These dank foggy days,  
I don't know.

Why, each morning last week  
I watched her—for hours—  
Potting out for the winter her  
Balcony flowers.

Yes, and only last Sunday  
She mused there a space,  
Gazing into the street, with  
The vacantest face;

Then turned her long nose,  
And looked up at the skies—  
One you would not have thought  
Weather-wise.

Yet . . . But out came the men—  
One ferrety-fair—  
With gentlemen's hats, and  
Whiskers and hair;

And paused in the porch,  
Then smooth, solemn, grey,  
Stepped out the two others,  
And all drove away—

In a square varnished carriage;  
The horse full of pride,  
With a tail like a charger's:  
They all sate outside.

Then at last returned quiet.  
The street, still and staid,  
Like a Stage while you wait for  
The Harlequinade. . . .

But what can Miss Emily  
Want with a box  
So long, narrow, shallow,  
And without any locks?

WALTER DE LA MARE.



## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Stock Exchange, though its fond hopes of better times have been grievously postponed, has faced the industrial trouble with the sedateness which it has shown in other recent crises. A general marking down of prices naturally took place, but there was no disposition whatever towards frightened selling. Business dropped to a very low ebb, and in some markets lower prices brought in some buyers. If the trouble spreads and grows worse, prices will presumably be further marked down, but so far from making matters worse by panicky realization, investors should employ their time in looking carefully for bargains. City opinion rejects as utterly impossible the claim that the taxpayer should shoulder the coal industry's losses, and would prefer a prolonged strike with all its grave possibilities to such a concession. But I find a disposition to complain that in this, as in other recent disputes, no absolutely clear statement appears to be available of the exact facts and figures of the wages offer and what it means. The coal stoppage and the consequent decrease in our already meagre export trade has naturally had the effect of sending foreign exchange rates against this country.

### THE NEW CHANCELLOR'S TASK.

That Sir Robert Horne is not credited with a superabundance of financial experience is not necessarily regarded in the City as a disqualification for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. What is wanted is a strong man who will insist upon the elimination of waste and the achievement of stern economy. It is a strong man's job to fight and defeat the powerful influences always working for extravagance. But, assuming that Sir Robert's amazingly quick rise to fame is due to a powerful personality, the City entertains hopes of the new Chancellor as a champion of economy. His task will not be easy. He inherits a formidable expenditure, and assumes office at a time when the stream of revenue into the exchequer must be seriously checked by trade depression. He cannot greatly affect the *estimates* for the coming Budget. Those will be cut and dried for him. But he might affect the *working* of the Budget and act as a deterrent to supplementary estimates. The revenue and expenditure figures for the full year ending March 31st, 1921, contained no surprises, except the surprise that actual results should be so close to estimate. The estimate placed revenue at £1,418 millions. Actual receipts were £7 millions higher. Estimates (after allowing for supplementaries) foreshadowed expenditure of £1,223 millions. Actual expenditure was £38 millions less. The actual surplus available for, and employed for, debt reduction was £230 millions, as compared with Mr. Chamberlain's original Budget estimate of £234 millions and a later forecast of £185 millions. Of the £230 millions applied to debt reduction only £37 millions was available for reducing floating debt, whereas Mr. Chamberlain had hoped to have £70 millions to devote to that purpose. At the close of the financial year the total national debt was £7,644 millions, of which the floating debt amounted to £1,276 millions and external debt to £1,136 millions.

### THE LURE OF INFLATION.

The unpleasant experiences through which we are passing in the course of the inevitable descent from the peak of inflation and boom towards normality naturally sets people sighing for the "blessings" of inflation. A correspondent of considerable financial experience and standing writes to urge the resumption by the Government of inflationary methods. Where, he asks, are the Government going to get credit to carry on for the next six or nine months? The receipts from excise, customs, income-tax, E.P.D., corporation tax, and sales of war stocks are not likely to be brilliant. "We have had deflation (more or less clumsy)," he continues, "and all sorts of depressing times till the bulb in the thermometer will probably freeze if things are allowed to go any worse. Why not make a virtue of necessity, and use Ways and Means Advances to cheer things up, incidentally in order that there may be some

taxes to gather?" "Why not build a battleship and inflate again?" he asks. "Keep rails, furnaces, &c., &c., busy and help people to liquidate." Under the benefits of renewed inflation my correspondent sees factories restarting, warehouses selling out their stocks, and everyone happy. But he does not apparently see prices soaring again, and the country, after another spell in dreamland, starting all over again on the hard descent to sanity, a portion of which we have recently accomplished with so much pain and unpleasantness. There are doubtless many who, like my correspondent, would turn back and run out of the morass of difficulty in which we are struggling. It is an alluring proposition, but rank economic heresy. We have traversed part of the morass already, and it is surely better to struggle through the rest as fast as possible, rather than to turn tail now, make the troubles of the last six months of no avail, and forget for a time that we have got to struggle through eventually. And if one thing is certain, it is that the morass will become more and more difficult and dangerous of passage the longer we delay our attempts to pass through it. What my correspondent suggests is a pleasant anodyne, the after-effects of which will be to aggravate tenfold the disease and pain which it temporarily relieves. I apologize for the mixed metaphors of peaks, morasses, and medicine—into which inky indiscretions I have been led by my correspondent's breezy style. I hope to hear from him again.

### REPORTS AND NEW ISSUES.

In the eighteen months ended January 31st, 1921, the Birmingham Small Arms Company made a net profit of £566,881, against £373,091 in the previous twelve months. The ordinary shares receive 5 per cent., against 10 per cent., and the carry forward is raised by nearly £300,000. The balance-sheet contains a note that there are contingent liabilities under guarantees to the Bank for £950,000 in respect of the Aircraft Manufacturing Co. and Peter Hooker, but the directors state that they expect no charge to fall on the Company in this connection. The terms of the railway fusion, to which I referred last week, are now published, and appear to accord with expectation. The proposed amalgamation of Lever Bros. with the African & Eastern Trade Corporation has been abandoned by mutual consent, and, as an incidental result, the Niger Company benefits, for Levers are now able to guarantee the recent note issue of the Niger Company. These notes rose 3 points on the news. The two most prominent new issues of the week are those of 8 per cent. mortgage debenture stock in the Mond Nickel Company at 98, and of 9 per cent. cumulative preference shares at par by Liptons Limited. The former is a well-secured industrial debenture, and the latter a moderate offer of its class, in which the risks are commensurate with the high rate offered.

### NEW CAPITAL FEATURES.

The statistics of new capital raised in the London market in the first quarter of the present year, compiled by the "Economist," present features of interest. The total at £61 millions is considerably less than half the total for the corresponding quarter of 1920, when £135 millions were raised. Of the £61 millions raised in the past quarter, nearly £15 millions were borrowed by the British Government, against only £7 millions in the corresponding quarter of 1920. Of the £46 millions of non-Government borrowings in the open market last quarter, £11.6 millions were destined for employment in foreign countries, and £9.7 millions in British Dominions and Possessions. That is one of the most important features of the figures, for it shows that British capital is once more beginning to be available for employment in foreign and colonial enterprise. British corporations and counties borrowed nearly £9½ millions in the March quarter, while oil companies, with a total of just over £8½ millions, are very conspicuous among the list of borrowers. Large issues by the Mexican Eagle and Anglo-Persian oil companies account for the bulk of this sum.

L. J. R.



# THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4745.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1921.



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## The World of Books.

ONE of the auditors, a kind of life to which there appears to be no reference in Genesis, has discovered that it is wrong for school children to be shown the drama of Shakespeare, because the process, he finds, has to be paid for, as though it were mustard gas or a pension for a nobleman. Payment for such a thing as poetry, and for children, not being one of the glories of the British constitution, it has been sternly surcharged to the unlucky Education Committee who were ignorant of that fact. The Committee are aware now that there is an aspect or two of poetry on which even an auditor may enlighten them. I regret that the auditor was not named. His picture, unluckily, has not been given, among the other Empire celebrities, in the "Daily Mirror." Nor has the Anti-Waste League yet adorned the hoardings with an advertisement calling recruits for economy to arms, with a picture of a State Official standing on England's Last Ha'penny, and, armed only with a little blue pencil, holding the pass against the children.

It has been said in even loud whispers that millions of our money have gone to make roads and barracks in Persia, which were never to be used, except as minor flourishes and decorations on the front elevation of Mr. Churchill's high and Imperial mind. And what of that vast sum for making an aerodrome in a Scottish bog, where aeroplanes could not get up, and, if they did, could not get down? Has that been surcharged to anyone? Or is it taken out of the romance and poetry of our wages? It occurs to me, too, that near where I am writing this expression of wonder and gratitude for the acute rectitude suddenly discovered over the spending of our rates and taxes, there is a vista extending into the blue distance of delicate petrol engines, all rotting in the weather; and with caretakers there getting wages (out of our money still) to see that the machinery we have already paid for decays in its due season without improper interference by those who would like to make some of it work.

THE war cost us a good deal, yet perhaps not so much as the trained officials whose imaginations, soaring into that sunny freedom where nobody cared what was spent, became prismatic and godlike. The ordinary householder, while his children indoors were turning their young bones into those of heroes for the next draft, on margarine, used to watch those dizzy flights on his behalf in awe, and then went indoors to put on three

knobs of coal with his fingers, remembering his Premier's emotional appeal for that individual integrity and abstemiousness which would win the war. And what, I wonder, will the archaeologist of the distant future make, when he uncovers them in France, of those roads paved solidly with tins of mummied beef? Will he guess why we enclosed beef in our road-metalling? Not very likely. He will not guess that it was for economical reasons. Instead, perhaps, he will write a learned treatise discussing what superstition it was which moved John Bull to make his war roads of beef, and not mutton.

YET here we have economy at last. We have begun it; and, as gentlemen should, we give the children the first place. The wasters, retracing their steps, and so naturally becoming Anti-Wasters in that very act, lighten the children on their backward road of a burden of school-books. They shut from wasteful little eyes the spectacle of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." And naturally, as this is a new world we are entering, won at the cost of great self-sacrifice, it is right that those children who, as Dean Inge has told us, ought not to be so enlightened that they might compete with the select little flock of which he is the vicarious shepherd, should not be hampered by distant and colored dreams. Dreams might take their attention from the grindstone of their foredoom. Dreams might lose a poor girl her place in the queue outside the Unemployment Bureau. "Come unto these yellow sands" may be aesthetically right, but morally disastrous if children should be moved by Shakespeare to dance, instead of learning to use their trenching tools industriously.

WE may be told that it is useless to get angry about it. And so it is; useless indeed, but natural. Perhaps it is not anger so much as impatient mystification, an inability to understand that social theory in all its links, which goes in proper order from to-day's busy schools to the cemeteries in France. The Anti-Wasters know it, on their road backward from waste, and auditors, and great statesmen. But we others find it hard to understand. In the hope of doing so I have been reading a book of interest to writers, artists, and educationists, for its purpose is to explain the difference between beauty and ugliness, so that the normal desires of citizens may help statesmen to build something resembling the world which poets have at times reported: "The Things which are Seen," by A. Trystan Edwards (Philip Allan). The author himself is an artist and a scholar. It is certain he would not think that public money which made it possible for children to understand Shakespeare was ill-spent. Yet his book, in spite of all its logic and apposite comparisons, shows that love of beauty, like the salvation of the evangelists, can come only by being born again, and being born different. When in a long and able plea directed to make human life beautiful we read, in the natural transition of the argument, "whether or not the human race will ever be so transformed that without spiritual deterioration it could dispense with the occasional stimulus of war . . ." then we are aware that ugliness, the deprivation of children of poetry, and young men's bodies rotting in garbage and mud, are inherent in all we think and do. Logic is useless; we need a change of heart.

H. M. T.

## Short Studies.

### BACK TO PEACE.

It was the day before the Royal Visit, and everybody at Command Headquarters was clearing for action. Conferences had been held—and held repeatedly. Service dress must be worn, of course. Drill order! And great-coats? Yes—on the whole. It might be cold, it might be wet. But the real problem centred around medals. Should the soldiers wear their medals? And if not, why not? It was to be a State occasion. . . .

"No, pardon me!" said D.A.Q.M.G. (who used such expressions and understood such things), "a semi-State occasion! All the difference."

D.A.A.G., too, was against medals—but for a different reason.

"What about the men who haven't got 'em?" he inquired. "Won't it look a bit queer—as if they'd lost 'em? You must have everybody alike, you know."

The General—who thought he ruled everybody, but was in fact ruled by anybody—dissented. Out of his ripe experience he quoted an incident (rather of the same sort) said to have occurred at Quetta in '05.

And as to the Brigadier, he was for medals.

"It's not laid down," he said. "But I agree with you, General. If they've got 'em, let them wear 'em. After all, what are the damned things for? People like medals. Women like medals. Recruits like medals. The chances are the Royal Family likes medals."

The General thought that a sensible remark, and intimidated his appreciation by grunting.

"There won't half be a jangle on the breasts of heroes," commented a young A.D.C. *sotto voce* to an extra-A.D.C.

"Might prevent the heroes hearing the word to present," agreed the extra-A.D.C., who really had no business there at all.

A.P.M. kicked them impartially under the table.

"But *must* they wear great-coats?" somebody queried. "It fairly does in the arm-drill, you know. Think of the Guard of Honor —"

And the discussion went back to great-coats.

"Oh, really!—no—please! Haven't we settled that, gentlemen?" remonstrated the General. "Great-coats *must be worn*. Let us think of our men before everything. Have not the events of the recent war impressed this upon us?"

D.A.Q.M.G. (who invariably agreed with whatever his superior said) broke out with "Hear! hear!" heartily.

Without taking any notice of these demonstrations, the Brigadier observed across the table to D.A.A.G.: "Of course, we could issue an after-order—if it was a wet day, for instance."

D.A.A.G. nodded.

"What's-it? What's-it? . . . I never thought of that," interrupted the General, catching at a straw between two horns of a dilemma.

"A capital idea!"

"Why not great-coats rolled?" murmured the extra-A.D.C. "Something for the men to sit on while they wait —"

"— and keep their dinners warm in," suggested his friend, behind his handkerchief. "Always think of your men —"

"Now then, you boys —!" broke in D.A.A.G., sharply.

"Sorry, sir!"

"I am inclined to think it would lead to confusion," pronounced A.A. & Q.M.G. "After-orders are very risky, you know. Besides, the battalions parade at eight o'clock, remember."

"That rather puts the lid on it," commented A.P.M., lighting a cigarette with the air of a man confronted with an insoluble problem.

"No—my original opinion holds good," quoth the General, with assurance. "Great-coats *must be worn*. We must take no risks with our men. Great-coats is the order —"

"— and medals," insisted the Brigadier. "Hang it! Really —! I see no harm in medals, General."

There was a challenge to something very like combat in his voice. He had the reputation of a peppery man.

His superior immediately gave way.

"Ah! Er—yes! I am all in favor of medals. I've said so all along. In fact, that would seem to be the solution of the question, would it not? Eh—what? Medals and great-coats. Meet all views. Why not?"

"That would seem to be the solution of the question," echoed the D.A.Q.M.G.

"Yes, I suppose that's best," agreed the Brigadier more reluctantly.

"That will be the better way, no doubt," remarked D.A.A.G., suavely.

"Medals and great-coats, then," boomed the General, officially. His stern expression relaxed. Thank God, it was all over. . . . "Now for a glass of port." He was an exceptionally good judge of port—he was a master-hand at port.

"A sound idea, sir," said D.A.Q.M.G. "It's been a hard morning."

"They're the very devil, these Royal visits," snapped Brigadier.

"Hounds will be back in the kennels by the time we get there. There's still that order to be drafted," moaned D.A.A.G.

"What order?" queried A.P.M. (who had been napping). "Let's be off at once."

"Why, about the great-coats—and medals."

"Oh, yes! I forgot —!"

"Come along, gentlemen," said the General, rising amid a respectful silence.

"Can you see a medal through a great-coat, Jimmy?"

This innocent inquiry came—as though by accident—out of the mouth of babes and sucklings.

The members of the conference paused as though thunderstruck—looked at one another, glared.

This particular General, however, had earned a reputation for presence of mind during the Great War.

"It's a fine day," he observed. "Come along, gentlemen!"

WILFRID EWART.

## Science.

### FACTS AND FAITH.

THERE are facts which, as William James said, are made by faith and would never have been but for some man's or men's belief that they could and would be. There are other facts which faith can neither make nor unmake. A man may kill himself by the mere belief that he must die because he has innocently eaten the tabooed meat left by his king. He sits down under his belief and dies. But no man can sharpen a pencil with the back of his knife, and the faith of all the world did not make the sun go round the earth. So there are bounds to the power of faith; and yet we cannot make anything at all without faith—faith in the constancy of the nature of things. As Huxley said, "the whole fabric of practical life is built upon our faith in its continuity."

A steam-engine is a monument of faith. Look at the kettle-lid lifting and falling; think of the enterprise and imaginative foresight that went to make a railway train—an enterprise and foresight that nothing less than faith could sustain. And the whole business of advancing life, from the primeval jelly-speck to man, looks like a drama of faith, one of immeasurable variety and range. Your mind's eye sees this life in its incipience, as it were, finding a way to co-operate with matter by the most delicate insinuation—the slightest lifting of the kettle-lid—and then, little by little, with growing significance, power, complexity, and, above all, freedom, producing at last the great engine, so much more than an engine, the creative and self-creative motor, man.

In certain details life's marked confidence in its creative power, in orders far below the human, looks uncannily like our own. Consider the sea-urchin's jelly-speck of an egg, normally working out the whole of itself as an embryo after the pattern set by generations.



And then consider what happens when you take away one of the halves of its first division of itself for the work. Instead of throwing up the sponge, and slavishly following the age-long pattern, as an incompetent, separate and foolish half-embryo, the half-egg gallantly sets itself to carry out its original plan in a new and unprecedented way: it makes a whole competent embryo, not a useless half, from its half-self. That looks uncommonly like the constructive enterprise and imaginative foresight with which we meet unexpected contingencies by newly devised means. Obviously it is not foresight like ours due to intellectual awareness; but all the same there is a vital grasp by this half-egg of what can be worked out in spite of the impossibility of going by ancestral experience. There is, in fact, a resourceful adaptability which suggests mind rather than machine, which, indeed, with many other evidences of a like ingenious adaptability, sub- or un-conscious, is now thrusting machine into the limbo of our forgotten hypotheses.

Here too, however, there are bounds. We are able to give the urchin's half-egg an opportunity to defy tradition and become a whole embryo; but we can do nothing with it, or with anything else alive or dead, or with ourselves, except by natural means—that is, by means and powers in the nature of each thing or creature. By those means, however, we and they may work wonders. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," is the moral of all this. There is a faith divorced from knowledge; there is credulity. There is a powerful and successful faith not wedded to "virtue," to nobility of character, but governed by vicious desire; as there are blind, untutored consciences leading blind though conscientious men into one or another ditch of ill-doing. Without faith knowledge is undoubtedly powerless in this practical world, but faith is dangerous without knowledge and a disciplined desire. We are learning now (and might have learnt long ago had we cared as much about our life itself as about the things it makes and handles) a great deal about the power of faith over our bodily and mental health and disease, our good success or ill in arts and sciences, trades, professions, social relations, our spiritual rightness or wrongness. But we must recognize the natural, though spiritual, orderliness of our doing as well as let spiritual and natural power loose; we ought to work upon ourselves, although by faith, as closely in accord with both the stubbornness and the pliability of the "given," of the facts we do not create, as does every good worker upon material things. These "given" material facts have their orderliness which we reckon with; and so has our working on ourselves, for good or ill. Marvellous as are the results of faith and auto-suggestion, they are not chaotic; they are not marvellous in the conjuring-trick sense; they offer no encouragement to superstitious belief in a "miscellany of miracles" where anything may happen anyhow.

Take an example from recorded experiment. When a hypnotized man accepts a suggestion that the cold stove on which he has leant his bare arm is really hot and has burnt him, he believes in the burn and lets loose his apparatus of healing, sending to the uninjured spot his vital breakdown gang. There will be reddening and a blister; he will feel pain; but there is no burn, no destruction of tissue to be made good. The man's belief brings about one fact, the repairing process; or two facts if you include his pain; his belief, strong as it is, cannot, at all events never does, bring about the burn fact, the damage heat could do, without his faith, to skin and flesh. Here we come upon the dividing line between real miracle and false, between marvels of faith and marvels of conjuring. For a man to burn himself by faith would be one sort of thing, the conjuring-trick false miracle; for a man to kill himself by faith, or heal himself, would be another. The true miracle of life and its incalculable power. To this miraculous power we cannot set bounds; we do not know how far it will carry us. Dr. Rivers, that cautious scientific thinker, in his "Instinct and the Unconscious," says that we do not know how high is the goal it may reach. No doubt, as he says, it is the producer as well as the healer of disease, but we may expect from it

"great accomplishments in art and science." "It may be also," he goes on, "that new strength will be given to those movements which under the most varied guise express the deep craving for religion which seems to be universal among mankind."

There are signs, too, that with the knowledge of these large possibilities we may reach a more discriminating judgment between the true and false in medicine and hygiene, in education and religion. Our own time, like times of the past, has seen movements of successful superstition that do not give this judgment to their votaries, who are rather taught a systematized confusion between those facts over which our faith and vital processes have creative, stimulating, or inhibiting power, and those other facts that have no more relation to faith than eclipses of the sun. Hence tragedies of stultified reason, and, indeed, of stultified faith.

Yet how reasonable deception may seem, how encouraging to faith! If a man is able to kill himself without a weapon, if by faith he may bring to new effectiveness his artistic gifts, if he can cure his rheumatism, banish insomnia, become good-tempered and high-minded instead of bad-tempered and low-minded, why should he not, for crucial example, create a real burn? The best answer is that in every one of the attainments of faith and of that element of faith we call suggestion, he uses means which have a real and vital linkage with their results. He cannot burn himself, but the blood-supply and nerve-energy with which he normally effects a healing process are immeasurably more at his command for use or disuse than he once knew. What we are learning is no new conjuring trick, but the conscious control and development for good of that normal but always miraculous power which took charge of our affairs long before the cradle and may reasonably be expected to carry us beyond the grave. The share that man consciously takes in his development extends, and has been extending ever since he became man. He has subdued, and is continually subduing, the ruthlessness of natural selection. Less and less need he be the puppet of circumstances, even of his own interior circumstances; more and more may he be the creator of his own fortunes and master of his fate.

Psychology is the youngest of the sciences, but we may expect that its gifts will one day exceed in value for personal life the gifts of any other. Already it is setting right many a delusion, explaining many a world-wide superstition. Miracles of life have happened all the world over, and in all times, and the more unusual and conspicuous examples have been charged to martyrs' bones, the tabooed meal, the King's Touch, the Holy Well, magic words of Mrs. Eddy, mascots, sacred medals, bread pills, magnets, the wizard, and the witch—to what have they not been charged? Now at last we are getting down to the real and essential factors beneath all these masks and accidents. Psychology is becoming the handmaiden of truth, as well as the giver of effectual gifts. Just as astronomy and chemistry freed us long ago from the learned and the popular fictions of astrologers and alchemists, so the science of mind is freeing us from the pernicious lumber of delusive and fanciful "causes" such as these. But the way of advance it sets open to us stretches far beyond the stars and elements; it opens for us an endless way in the creative evolution of ourselves as beings whose life is neither arrested nor circumscribed, but going on.

We have begun very late to study this life of ours, but already the discoveries we have made are transforming ourselves for us as Galileo's transformed the satellite sun. "Je me suis demandé quelquefois," says Bergson, "ce qui se serait passé si la science moderne, au lieu de partir des mathématiques pour s'orienter dans la direction de la mécanique, de l'astronomie, de la physique, et de la chimie, au lieu de faire converger tous ses efforts sur l'étude de la matière, avait débuté par la considération de l'esprit—si Kepler, Galilée, Newton, par exemple, avaient été des psychologues. Nous aurions certainement eu une psychologie dont nous ne pouvons nous faire aucune idée aujourd'hui—pas plus qu'on n'eût pu, avant Galilée, imaginer ce que serait notre physique: cette psychologie eût probable-

ment, été à notre psychologie actuelle ce que notre physique est à celle d'Aristote . . . la thérapeutique par suggestion, ou plus généralement par influence de l'esprit sur l'esprit, eût pu prendre des formes et des proportions que nous ne soupçonnons pas. Ainsi se serait fondée, ainsi se serait développée, la science de l'activité spirituelle."

It may be rash to say that we are as far from having explored psychical nature as Aristotle was from having explored physical nature, and that there may be spiritual and mental powers as little known to us now as electricity was to him, and applications of those powers as remote from our imagination as wireless telegraphy was from his; but it is wise to confess that already there are signs telling us not to be rash enough to exclude that possibility from our thoughts, or by a prejudgment of our own case reject evidence in its favor.

D.

## Music.

### THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

**De Couperin à Debussy.** Par JEAN CHANTAVOINE. (Paris Alcan. 7 fr. 50.)

**Cock and Harlequin: Notes Concerning Music.** By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by ROLLO H. MYERS. ("The Egoist." 3s. 6d.)

NATIONALITY in music is one of those subjects which are for ever being discussed, although fortunately the discussions of critics have little, if any, influence on the methods of composers. M. Chantavoine reprints seven papers on the Couperins, Rameau, Gluck, Berlioz, Chabrier, Massenet and Debussy, prefacing them with an essay on the characteristics of French music in general. He is not one of those patriots whose object it is to make out that French music is better than any other kind of music. He approaches the music of his own country almost as an Englishman might do, determined to get at the truth. He understands French music as only a Frenchman can, but he has no illusions about it. He is a cosmopolitan in spirit; he sees the merits of French music, but never loses sight of European music as a whole.

For him French music derives its characteristics first from the *chanson*, and secondly from the national attitude towards it. "En France la musique est fille de la *chanson*, tandis qu'en Italie elle est fille du *chant*; et rien ne se ressemble moins que ces deux choses en apparence si voisines de l'autre, la *chanson* et le *chant*." The *chanson* is inseparable from its poetry, and he quotes a significant sentence of Ronsard to the effect that as music is inseparable from poetry, so poetry is inseparable from music. French music has at all times been subject to "des préoccupations verbales ou intellectuelles." It is because Gluck made tragedy triumph over music that the French have regarded him as one of themselves, for Gluck carried on the principles which had been formulated a century before by Saint-Evrémond. One is easily tempted to argue that Frenchmen have no real sense of music at all, not so much because, as M. Chantavoine points out, French music has always required the fertilization of foreign influence (Lully, Gluck, Cherubini, Rossini), as because they have never allowed music to dominate poetry as the Italians did, and never built up a great architecture of purely abstract music as in Germany. It was French romanticism that created the programme-symphonies of Berlioz, and M. Chantavoine boldly claims Liszt too as practically a Frenchman by education, ascribing to French influences his invention of the symphonic poem.

History can be made to prove anything. The value of M. Chantavoine's book lies not so much in the conclusions which he draws as in his general attitude towards music. He is persistently sceptical; the essay on Berlioz is a ruthless exposure of that composer's strange disregard of truth. He takes a wicked delight in analysing not only the influences which have gone to form a composer's style, but also those which have made his reputation. It was the men of letters and the painters,

he says, who made the fame of Debussy; and the revival of Rameau he traces step by step from the moment when M.M. Durand began publishing their superb edition of his complete works. It was a French counter-demonstration to the Breitkopf & Haertel editions of Bach and Handel, carried out on a scale of sumptuous erudition. Among the editors of the various volumes—"des musiciens célèbres ou notoires"—were the two opposite poles of contemporary French music, D'Indy and Debussy. M. d'Indy performed Rameau's music at the Schola Cantorum; at one of these concerts Debussy seized the occasion to shout, "A bas Gluck!" A devotion to Rameau was from that moment common to the creeds of both the *Scholistes* and the *Pelliéristes*. Rameau became the idol of "un public musicien très distingué, sans doute, mais encore restreint, le *happy few*." Just at that moment came a reaction against the *xénophilie* which dominated the literary and artistic world of Paris. A certain artistic chauvinism became the fashion; the eighteenth century was the fashion too, and a reaction against Rousseau and the Encyclopédistes completed the vogue of Rameau.

"La vogue de Rameau ne semble donc pas tenir à des causes exclusivement musicales; elle rentre dans tout un système d'idées étrangères à la musique; elle est un geste particulier d'une attitude générale." M. Chantavoine's analysis of the cult of Rameau is instructive in connection with M. Cocteau's collection of aphorisms. M. Cocteau also belongs to a *happy few*, to a few still fewer, and doubtless, for that reason, still happier. But his book has been translated by Mr. Myers into very sprightly English, and very prettily printed by the Egoist Press. M. Cocteau may belong to the *happy few* in Paris—"in Paris," he says, "everyone wants to be an actor; no one is content to be a spectator"—but he stands a very good chance of having a vogue in London. He is the inventor of the ballets "Parade" and "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," otherwise "The Nothing-doing Bar." It need hardly be said that analysis of *le Chantavoine* is the last thing we may expect from his book. Yet it is very full of information. It deals ostensibly with the future—"This book is not concerned with any existing school, but with a school to whose existence nothing points—were it not for the first-fruits of a few young artists, the efforts of the painters, and the tiredness of our ears"—but subconsciously it tells us a great deal about the past. M. Cocteau is bored with music in general. He is bored with the clavichordists, he is bored with Baudelaire, with the nightingale (the real one, not Stravinsky's), with Nietzsche and Wagner. "Wagner is played in London; in Paris Wagner is secretly regretted." You see how modern M. Cocteau is. In London Wagner is played, but it is years since there was a Wagner "question." In Paris there would apparently be a Wagner enthusiasm, if only they would play his works. But they are frightened of what M. Saint-Saëns would say, and so is M. Cocteau. That is why he agrees with him:—

"To defend Wagner because Saint-Saëns attacks him is too simple. We must cry 'Down with Wagner!' together with Saint-Saëns. That requires real courage."

It is, at any rate, safer to risk having M. Saint-Saëns agree with you than to be caught agreeing with other people. M. Cocteau is terribly afraid lest anyone should agree with him; he skips like a flea—there is no catching him:—

"I am not attacking modern German music. Schoenberg is a master; all our musicians, as well as Stravinsky, owe something to him, but Schoenberg is essentially a blackboard musician."

M. Cocteau is, in fact, always anxious to be on the safe side, and never commits himself. His aphorisms are generally open to more than one interpretation, and his translator has preserved his obscurity with studied ingenuity. M. Cocteau is bored with all the music of the past, and with most of the music of the present. So are we all, at certain moments. When he discovers that young Germany has been bored with Wagner for several years he will become a Wagnerite again:—

"Enough of clouds, waves, aquariums, water-sprites, and nocturnal scents; what we need is a music of the earth, every-day music."



You can apply that to Wagner or to Debussy as you please; and as for music of the earth, is not France the country of the *chanson*?

"Let us keep clear of the theatre.

"The theatre corrupts everything, even a Stravinsky.

"In the midst of the perturbations of French taste and exoticism, the café-concert remains intact in spite of Anglo-American influence.

"The music-hall, the circus, and American negro bands, all these things fertilize an artist just as life does."

In England we are all craving for opera, just because we cannot get it. In Paris, where they have had subsidized opera for centuries, the theatre represents the corruption of art. But now that there is some talk of turning the Opéra into a cinema, M. Cocteau may discover that the theatre has its virtues. He has safeguarded himself, I needly hardly say:—

"When I say that I prefer certain circus or music-hall turns to anything given in the theatre, I do not mean that I prefer them to anything that might be given in the theatre."

One of his ideals is music for a mechanical organ:—

"I should like this composer to imagine a steam roundabout with Louis XIV. Pegasus-chargers, done in ripolin, pirouetting in a coach royally bedecked with mirrors, lights, and cloth of gold."

All Frenchmen suffer from Anglomaniac. With Debussy it was Rossetti and Burne-Jones. M. Cocteau, I fancy, is not quite sure of the difference between English and American—in these days one can hardly wonder at a foreigner's confusion; but I suspect him of having read Mr. Firbank and Miss Sitwell. Like the cock whom he takes as his symbol because he "is profoundly variegated" and "says Cocteau twice," our musico-literary chanticleer is anxious to proclaim the dawn at the earliest possible moment. But he crows by *heure de Paris*.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## Reviews.

### THE WAR WITHIN THE WAR.

At the Supreme War Council. By PETER E. WRIGHT. (Nash. 7s. 6d.)

THIS brief and pungent work of Captain Peter Wright is the second shot fired in the battle of soldiers and soldiers' men which opened with the Maurice-Repington fusillade. The engagement is much more than a battle of books. It is a fierce, unsparing recrimination over the responsibility for the greatest defeat that the British Army ever suffered. It is more. It is a submission of the incompetence and cruel wastefulness of the British military direction during the second (and inferentially the first) period of the Great War. This indictment is preferred by charges not of unskillfulness only, but of breach of public duty, and (in effect at least) of treachery to the cause of the Allies. This is the charge against Colonel Repington. It is carried on to General Robertson, who, in face of Colonel Repington's statement to the contrary, is named as the source of Colonel Repington's betrayal of "essential military secrets." It is preferred with deliberation, and with authority. Captain Wright was the Assistant-Secretary and Interpreter to the Supreme War Council, from the period of its formation in 1917. He quotes official archives as evidence, and alleges "personal knowledge" over and over again. But his real pledge is not his word but his access to the arcanes of the war. Obviously, he has either been allowed and commissioned to speak, or he has committed a devastating breach of trust. But he speaks so as to blast the military reputation of Lord Haig and the military honor of Pétain and Sir William Robertson.

Now we utterly decline to judge this issue, though we must remark that the charge against General Robertson's honor rests on the assumption that he could fairly be held responsible for Colonel Repington's indiscretions, and we shall offer some obvious grounds for questioning a second

and subordinate thesis of Captain Wright's book, which is the directorial genius of Mr. Lloyd George. But we must state it with the comment that, save for some incidental flaws of style, it is presented with cutting precision as well as utter carelessness of the consequences. For this method we cannot blame him. If he is right, scores of thousands of British boys were sent to a needless death; and this holocaust was repeated not twice but many times during the last three years of the war, and most signally from March to May, 1918. Within this term 19,001 British officers and 366,937 soldiers were lost to life or to the line of battle in a battle which Captain Wright calls a "flawless jewel of incompetence." This calamity, he declares, was avoidable, being brought about by Haig's disobedience to the plan arranged, on Foch's suggestion, with the Executive War Board, and his substitution of a different scheme of reserves, which he arranged with Pétain, and which failed when it was presently put to the test.

We have said that a layman cannot decide the vital point of strategy he puts forward. But it would be ridiculous to pretend that he does not present a *prima facie* case. Foch, in spite of the heavy losses laid to his charge in 1915, is an admitted master of the art of war. It is Captain Wright's contention that while the Haig-Pétain compact destroyed his idea in March, it was re-created in June, and finished the war. Certainly, it was simplicity itself. It was sketched out, according to Captain Wright, to the Executive War Board in these half a dozen sentences of Napoleonic clarity:

"I will divide my General Reserve into three portions, of different sizes. The *smallest portion* I will place in Dauphiné, close to the best crossing into Italy; the *largest* I will concentrate round Paris; the *third portion* I will place round Amiens. From the concentration of German troops the attack must come in the Rheims or Cambrai region; therefore, the bulk of the General Reserve round Paris is best situated to come to the help of either region. The Amiens portion stands behind the British Fifth Army, the weakest point of the line, and ready to support it. The Dauphiné portion is situated so as to be able to go to the assistance of the Swiss or the Italians, in the unlikely event of their being attacked, or to rejoin the rest of the General Reserve."

Enough to complete Captain Wright's graphic exposition of the Foch manœuvre. It contemplated a German break through the Fifth Army and an exposed flank. When this occurred the concentration of reserves at Villers-Cotterêts came just in time to stop the rush. Compare it with the Haig-Pétain device of help not from a common reserve, well-positioned and feeding a unified front, but by one commander taking over a part of the other's line, whichever was menaced. It is the Wright contention that this plan utterly failed, never, indeed, having provided for the break through at St. Quentin, and that its failure caused the catastrophe. Gough fought for a week without substantial help from Pétain. When the French divisions—ten in all—came up (after a haggle between the two generals) they were late and only half equipped. The Germans got to the gate of Amiens. They all but sundered the British and the French armies, that is to say, they came within an ace of winning the war. Then Foch reimprovised the plan disintegrated by the Haig-Pétain "intrigue" and destroyed them.

This is the story. It is essential to place it in the clearest light before the British people, for if it be a sound and true analysis it establishes the valor and endurance of the British soldier on the grave of our military system. Asses led these young lions to their fate. Most of the great battles of 1916 and 1917 were "butcheries." The British command could not beat the Germans when their power was as two to one, and even in the *débâcle* of 1918, could not assure a victory when their soldiers won it. It seems as if half Captain Wright's judgment allowed that Haig, "obtuse" and extraordinarily slow of mind, was at least honest. But that reservation will not serve. These generals were capable of everything. G.H.Q. and the French Quartier-Général were both in the "great business" (this is a French criticism) of "attenuating" the truth. The St. Quentin despatches were cooked—apparently by another hand than Haig's—but then he must have assented. So they stand, these bestarred and worshipped beings, "naked" and "tragic" in their "mediocrity," accomplishing their fatal rôle of offering "generations" of youth to the German



scythe. They first muddled our boys out of their lives. Then they juggled with the story of their death.

Stay. Obviously, these General Staffs of ours and theirs were, in Captain Wright's close and derisive vision of them, poor and even deleterious stuff. In the course of the war they came, he said, to think that the nation lived or died for them, not they for the nation. What mattered to them was the war on those interior lines in which one encountered not Huns, but rival brass hats, where, in fact, "dear old Willie" bombarded, countermarched, outflanked, and finally blew up "poor old Harry." But is, then, Captain Wright a detached and intellectual spectator of this war within war? Not at all. He is first and foremost a Fochian. But he is also, though in the second degree, a poor-old-Harryite. The reasons of his faith are imperfectly recorded, but they appear to be connected with Sir Harry Wilson's easy way with politicians (he once playfully waltzed Clemenceau round the room), with his John Bull "French" and "lucid," almost Gallic, mind, and with the fact that (save, maybe, for a temporary interest in the Ulster rebellion) he had "predicted and prepared for this war all his life."\*

It is at the same point that Mr. George himself appears as the "glorious pilot" of Britain in her extremity. Captain Wright insists that Mr. George, having the will to win the war which others lacked, must on this account be forgiven his "oblique and subterranean methods," his "inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men," and the distrust felt for him, even by these "favorites"; and finally his "superficial, slipshod, and hasty mind." Why? Because, it seems, superficiality and slipshod haste, working in a military direction, were able to evolve a deep and well-thought-out plan. This plan preceded the disaster of St. Quentin, and included the disposition of the Fifth Army which produced it. But it had nothing to do with that event. Again why? Captain Wright hardly goes to the full length of suggesting that the weakened line was a trap for the Germans, set to display the full beauties of the scheme of the General Reserve. So far as Foch's disposition of the reserves was concerned, it was presumably good. As to the extension of the British line (in plainer English the weakening of the British front at the point at which it was pretty sure to be attacked), Reserve or no Reserve, it was demonstrably bad. The British line at this point, says Captain Wright, was very thin—6,750 yards for one division against Byng's allowance of a division for each 4,200 yards. Called upon to string out his soldiers, Haig is blamed for weakening his reserves. But when asked to occupy more ground with the same number of men, he must obviously decide to weaken either his battle line or the rear.

That, in fact, was what the "lucid" mind of General Wilson, and the firm will-to-win of Mr. Lloyd George (fixed, however, on Palestine) required him to do. And quite naturally, because so far as Mr. Lloyd George was concerned he thought the German line "impenetrable." Therefore he decided not to try to penetrate it, and (happening to want British soldiers elsewhere) not to reinforce our own. The British Army, says Captain Wright, was to "stand on the defensive in France." The real offensive was to be in Palestine, with the object of knocking Turkey out. If the reader inquires at this point what purpose as a war measure was here in contemplation, he observes the precise and censorious Captain Wright retreating rapidly into meaninglessness. "Such a result," concludes the Captain, in his summary of the plan of campaign for 1918, "will have further consequences which we cannot foresee, but which might be decisive." Decisive of what? Nothing could be clearer than that if we drove the Turks out of Palestine, and Ludendorff drove the French out of Paris and the British into the sea, Germany and not the Allies would win the war; while if Allenby lost on the Jordan, and Foch and Haig won through on the Somme and the Aisne, both the final and the immediate victory would be ours. Did will and "lucidity" combined miss this palpable point of common-sense? Then let us assume, not a thinly partizan conclusion

that one great statesman (Lloyd George) and two great soldiers (Foch and Wilson) pitted themselves against wooden mediocrity at the G.H.Q. and saved us, but the simple, living truth that thousands of common folk, French and English, threw themselves into the breach in the Western line that the imperfect counsels of these men had made, and stopped it. That, we say, is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. For while these tragic comedians strutted their hour across this stage of fools, and these "war-winners" snatched at each other's laurels, between them they had lost the war for humanity. But not in the Battle of St. Quentin. The Great War was lost in London and in Paris, and before it began.

#### MR. WALLAS AS SOCIAL ANALYST.

**Our Social Heritage.** By GRAHAM WALLAS. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

MR. WALLAS'S services to the political thinking of our time are not unlike those of Bagehot a generation ago. Neither can be called a systematic thinker. Neither makes plain that pathway from a part to the whole of things which is the test of the eternal men, like Plato and Hobbes and Hegel. Each specializes in a kind of psychological insight into the working of institutions which gives the most useful test we have thus far created for judgment upon them. Each has reduced to fragmentary proportions the part played by reason in human affairs. But here the analogy ends. Bagehot, broadly speaking, having analyzed his facts, took a typical banker's view of their meaning; human nature for him became politically significant when it meant a comfortable balance in the bank. He was never a democrat. He never had any suspicion that there was a dubious ethical connection between property and political power. He was sceptical, to take an obvious example, even of Abraham Lincoln's majesty because Lincoln sprang so inexplicably from the common people.

To Mr. Wallas's thought there is no such limitation. It has always been at the service of the democracy, even though it has not always tended to the justification of democracy's most simple formulæ. His latest work, though it lacks the enviable originality of his "Human Nature in Politics," is by all odds the ripest product of his thought. From the simple assumption that the hereditary impulses of men have gone unchanged in the historic period, he is led to examine the main assumptions by which they are adapted to the work of civilization. Broadly, the conclusion is that the integrating cement is reason; and the book is, above all, a plea for the conscious and deliberate extension of the part that reason plays in the disposition of our corporate life. The plea is reinforced by an analysis of the factors which hinder the play of reason in modern institutions. Two things in that analysis are deserving of special note. The one is the amazing ambit of Mr. Wallas's own mind—the ability to put the problems of social groups, like the Bar and the Church, upon the same plane of discourse with the problems of world-organization; the other is the courage which refuses to deny either the depressing complexities of politics or the absence of any widespread interest in dealing with them. The background of the whole argument is, similarly, twofold. Most important is the continuous insistence upon the well-being of the community as a whole against the specialized interests of competing groups; only second to it is the perception that without a deliberate effort at the equalization of material conditions there is little prospect that civilization can continue upon its present scale of life.

The background of Mr. Wallas's thought—it has obviously been sharpened by the war—is the insistence that human interests are ultimately unified by interdependence, and that reason is the weapon whereby the path to unity may be achieved. Herein, for example, is the key to his destructive analysis of that party in the modern English Church which seeks to make of it once more a mystery-religion and to win predominance not by inherent proof of

\* This tribute appears on p. 38 of Captain Wright's book. On page 37 he describes the "wicked" preparation of the German side of the war.

its intellectual superiority, but by deliberately pandering to that side of human nature from which our social heritage has painfully brought us release. This, too, is the core of his doubts of the monarchical system in its present form. It rests, he urges, upon unstated and semi-mystical assumptions which lie at the mercy of any party which seeks to exploit them for its own purposes. Mr. Bonar Law, Sir E. Carson, Lord Halsbury all exploited them in the Ulster crisis of 1914; and a now famous anecdote of Colonel Repington suggests that the King lent himself to that exploitation. Mr. Wallas will have none of that mystery. All power to him must justify itself by the reasons it can offer for its existence.

It is by analogous reasoning that Mr. Wallas is led to reject that functional State by which the most brilliant of our younger thinkers (notably Mr. Tawney and Mr. Cole) have been attracted. His discussion of vocationalism is a distinguished one, and no mere summary can do it justice. But, broadly, his analysis is in part a question as to the medieval guild, and in part a very spirited attack upon the great guilds of law and medicine and the Church in our own time. Mr. Wallas concludes that any system of government in which ultimate control is found within the vocation itself is certain to secure an attitude of hostility to improvement. It is only when the community outside is an active agent in determining qualifications and conditions of entrance to the trade that there is induced that atmosphere of calculated receptivity upon which the welfare of the community depends. So, in relation to the teachers, Mr. Wallas insists that ultimate power must rest with the community. The teacher may suggest, may have representation, but the final word must be outside.

This does not mean that Mr. Wallas belittles *expertise*. Nothing is more admirable in his book than the masterly discussion (Chapter III.) of the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia reports, with its implied recognition that the administration of the great society has become a matter in which the practical politician has become absolutely dependent upon the expert for the large solutions he is to apply. But Mr. Wallas goes on to insist that we have done no consistent thinking upon the relation the elected representative is to occupy in his association with his trained subordinate. Exactly what weight at the Admiralty, for instance, is Mr. Churchill to allow to the Lord Fisher of the next generation? How is the Prime Minister to be assured that the opinion given him by the Admiralty represents with fairness the considered judgment of its technical side? Mr. Wallas does not give us any solution. He only argues that its source is to be found in the insistence upon conscious thinking as the definite business of those charged with the weight of affairs. One might add that half the problem is one of atmosphere. If the politician wants from the Civil Service, for instance, merely the evidence to support a policy already undertaken (as with Mr. Lloyd George in Ireland), *expertise* in any scientific sense is without meaning; but if the attitude is one in which the existence of a problem is recognized, and the Minister, like Lord Haldane at the War Office, becomes simply a *primus inter pares*, there is evolved a consciousness of collegiality out of which the real thinking of the administrative world is born. But that gift of evocation is rare.

Criticism of Mr. Wallas's work would, I think, justifiably follow two closely connected lines of thought. It would recognize that he had an incomparable gift for detecting the flaws in social institutions; more, a gift for tracing those flaws back to causes which, at any rate, partially explain defects. But he is not himself a builder. He makes us see that a world that is to survive must be a rational world; but he does not indicate with adequacy the institutions he would construct as the embodiment of reason. Anyone who tried to build from his writings the picture of a State would in the end be driven to admit that while he had a list of things desirable and undesirable, that list was not a systematic picture of a living world. The merit, to take a converse case, of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's "Constitution for a Socialist Commonwealth" is that when its last inadequacy has been admitted, it still leaves you with a definite and tangible portrait which depicts an actual world. Mr. Wallas does no such thing. He gives one no view of his ultimate

philosophy. He wants a world in which there is greater economic equality than now exists; but he does not measure equality by offering us its institutional expression. He does not want a functional society; but he does not tell us how much self-government can safely be left to a given vocation and yet leave safeguarded the interests of the community outside. He applies, one is tempted to say, a quantitative test (applicable enough in all conscience) to other people's constructions while he leaves his own philosophy so fluid as to evade a scale of measure. He is almost always patently right in what he denies; but he avoids (perhaps deliberately) that task of affirmation which I should argue is now the first business of political philosophy.

The second line of criticism is more impersonal and, perhaps because of that, goes deeper. Mr. Wallas is primarily a psychologist, and it is in psychological terms that his social analysis has been always conceived. This has the great advantage of keeping him always in contact with definite and concrete experiences—the working of a committee of the London County Council, the reported utterance of an intoxicated elector, a typical sermon of the Bishop of London. But the result is a nominalist philosophy which, having resolved each social experience into the sum of its impressions as they reach the individual sentient mind, is content to leave them there as adequately explained. It makes its analysis, in other words, itself a metaphysic; and it has shrunk from admitting that the analysis is, after all, only a basis upon which a superstructure must be erected. Mr. Wallas's very ability in detecting the impulses which lie at the root of some given institution or creed makes him in the end evade the judgment upon that creed in terms of political worth. He can expound, that is to say, Conservatism while he fails to expound Conservatism; he can tell you what a Liberal is like, but he is content to leave unexplored the secret of Liberalism. Granted that the struggle of Nominalist and Realist is the ultimate metaphysical controversy, it is yet arguable that Mr. Wallas's acceptance of nominalism is the clue to that hesitation before constructive effort which I have mentioned. For if you take the analysis of a Jesuit's character as the essence of the Society of Jesus, you have still left unexplored a whole ethos which, above and beyond each individual member of the Society, is a unified activity by which the world becomes a different thing. Social psychology, as a working principle in politics, describes the activities of men, but it does not evaluate them. And no nominalist philosophy will, so long as it leaves unexplored the whole of which the individual is part, ever provide a basis for evaluation.

Yet that evaluation is the centre of the business. When you have listed the impulses which produced the last speech of Mr. Lloyd George you will need a moral scheme of the universe by which to judge, not the impulses only, but the speech as a whole. Mr. Wallas might condemn the methods by which the election of 1918 was won; but he would condemn it on grounds external to, and not inherent in, his own technique. The consideration of a given set of facts never gives ground for judgment unless a criterion is introduced from outside by which those facts are measured. Mr. Wallas does not give us his criterion. Yet the thing which has made the ideals of Hobbes or Bentham seem desirable to able men has been, at bottom, the vision of their ultimate desire and the consequent power to equate their experience with our own. Mr. Wallas affords us the instrument of inquiry; he does not indicate the direction in which the inquiry must proceed. He becomes a spectator rather than a judge in a conflict where all of us must hazard our judgment at the peril of our lives.

That does not lessen our obligation to his book. If one were to assess the progress of political theory in the last ten or fifteen years, I think no small part of what it has gained would have to be traced to Mr. Wallas. If one compares, for instance, the brilliant abstractions of Mr. Bosanquet with this superb observation, it is obvious enough that we are far nearer to the facts as they are with Mr. Wallas's method than we are ever likely to arrive in a neo-Hegelian synthesis. The social psychologists are at least painting a recognizable picture of civilized man. It is not always an agreeable picture, and it makes one far less optimistic about the future event than, under the old dis-



pensation, it was possible to be. Yet, after all, that is an immensely more satisfactory method than the effort made by the neo-Hegelians, not to give us the facts, but to tell us, upon the basis of preconceived desire, what they conceive those facts are trying to be. Hegelianism paralyzes effort by missing out the human factor which demands immediate response to keenly felt need. It is the supreme merit of social psychology that the human nature it depicts becomes by its effort an appeal to our sense of duty.

H. J. L.

### HUGH LANE.

**Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement, with some Account of the Dublin Galleries.** By LADY GREGORY. (Murray. 18s. net.)

MR. YEATS once wrote that Lane began life like one of Balzac's heroes, like Rastignac. In a sense any man irresistibly possessed of a daemon is Balzacian, and in this sense Lane was and always remained Balzacian. But his daemon was a noble spirit. Lane was a lover of beautiful things, a picture-dealer to whom the cash value of a picture was less than the restoration to the world of a lost treasure, a connoisseur to whom *expertise* was less than divination. If he was this, and nothing more, Lane would have been remarkable but not unique. But he had a profound belief in the potential energy of pictures, and his daemon drove him to form new sources of this beauty and power, to satisfy his ambition by linking his name with them. His ambition cost him bitter moments and a passing disillusion when he found himself wounded in the house of his friends. There is pain in the telling of this part of the story, but since its last chapter is not closed it deserves consideration.

Lady Gregory makes many things plain in this biography of her nephew. She does not conceal her affection for him and pride in his genius and achievement. Neither does she conceal the truth nor alter its proportions, but stamps on these pages a clear and clean-cut impression. No one familiar with the Dublin Gallery controversy will fail to recognize the clear judgment and, most of all, the chivalry with which this episode is narrated. It was an affair into which much unnecessary bitterness was imported—that marks all artistic controversy, such harmony is in immortal souls—where, also, Lady Gregory's interest was warmly and usefully engaged. A poet's fury with a financier nearly overthrew the gallery. Mr. Yeats had already trailed The Playboy's coat through two continents to the peril of Synge's more immortal raiment, and stirred up a deal of irrelevant dust. In his eagerness to rout the Philistines and overthrow his ancient adversaries, he fought and lost a campaign on Lane's behalf with the untimely bitterness with which many a worthy cause has been fought and lost. On the other side, the financier, blind to most color but yellow, opened the columns of his newspapers to a correspondence of an abusive and desolating banality. *Alles Leiden wird Gesang*. The poet made epigrams out of his grief—obsolete, nowadays, and almost comically false—and the financier, it is said, lived to regret his poor share in the transaction. But Lane suffered bitter days, and Dublin was exalted to a bad pre-eminence of philistinism, the city where, as Mr. Konody says, in the face of the accumulated evidence of this book, Lane "found nothing but opposition, hostility, and slanderous ingratitude."

As if these things do not perpetually recur. Are artists always sagacious, and municipalities inevitably wise? Did not something happen at the Hôtel Bourghéroutle, and Rouen suffer from its town councillors? Why did the Dutuit collection go to the Petit Palais, and was not the *ville lumière* itself hustled into housing it by the alternative threat of Rome? Did not Johannesburg, like Dublin, quarrel about its gallery architect, and the National Gallery reject at first Lane's Renoir and Daumier, whom it now so tenaciously cherishes? And even Belfast! Did not Belfast refuse a Mother and Child because it failed to discover a wedding-ring on the canvas? Why, then, should the poet unduly have raged, and Mr. Konody imagine vain things?

But, in fact, Lady Gregory has seen this quarrel with the insight of a dramatist and the wisdom which the last few, full, sorrowful years have brought. If Lane was misunderstood it was because he was unique. His best friends, including Mr. Yeats, began with a hostile prejudice:—

"The first time I met him," writes Mr. Yeats, "I disliked him... his ambitions seemed worldly... Instead of intelligible criticism (of certain pictures) 'Very little,' he said, 'they'd fetch at Christie's.' And a Dublin painter who afterwards became his most devoted, unselfish and able supporter raged at the project of his first exhibition, saying, 'He knows there are many good pictures in Irish country-houses, he wants to find out where they are that he may buy them at a low price and trade with them in England.' For all I knew it might have been so; I had not got over my first impression."

Dublin is reproached because in its first impression of Lane it wrongly conceived the same idea of him as did his best friends at the first encounter. "In Dublin," writes Sir William Orpen,

"They could not believe he could be so generous without a motive—they said he wanted them to build a gallery for rubbish he could not sell. *It was the same here* (in London)."

But so incorrect is Mr. Konody that a Municipal Gallery was not merely founded and endowed by the city, but many of the pictures—not the least important—were purchased and presented to it by individuals and groups of Lane's countrymen, fired by his example. For the permanent gallery £22,000 was voted by the Corporation, and the balance of the cost was raised by private efforts in which Lady Gregory was foremost. Then came the trouble about the bridge site, a change of front on the part of Lane, who, fascinated by a shining vision, rejected proposals to which he had previously assented. His conditional gift of the French pictures was to become absolute on the acquisition of a site approved by his architect. Such a site was offered. But Lane now insisted on Lutyens's design for a gallery built along and across the Liffey. Lady Gregory and, it would appear, Mr. Yeats were of the same mind in regard to the bridge site as most Dubliners. Lady Gregory wrote at the time:—

"Hardly anyone seems really enthusiastic for the bridge site. And I am not really sure myself it would be good. I had forgotten the Liffey was so small."

Mr. Yeats urged an alternative site upon him. But Lane insisted; the manner of his insistence lost him support, and in the end, on the question of an architect, the scheme collapsed. Mr. Yeats wrote:—

"Lane's own petulance and irascibility made many of his difficulties. He was constantly trying to hurry people, the Dublin Corporation particularly, by threats he did not carry out, until at last his threats lost all meaning and Dublin lost the pictures."

This dispute came to its miserable close with Lane a sick man, "in an advanced state," he writes, "of neurasthenia," and away from Ireland, hearing only the bitter things said, for these travel farthest. He withdrew the French pictures, and in anger made a will leaving them to the London National Gallery, whose Board, as Mr. Birrell agreed, subsequently outdid Dublin in ungraciousness towards him. Only a month later Lady Gregory shows that his anger slackened. Later he returned to Dublin in friendship, became Director of its National Gallery, which prospered abundantly under his hand, and there are now hanging there sixty-two pictures of his gift, twenty-one of them given during his life. Pre-eminent amongst them and chief glories of the Gallery are the El Greco "St. Francis," the bewitching Goya from the Rouart sale, and "The Young Woman" of Rembrandt.

One picture of Lane remains in the present writer's mind: Lane, standing at the entrance to the newly opened municipal gallery, welcoming three street urchins and then ruefully remarking to a bystander that one of the band had not clicked the turnstile. He wanted all attendances registered to refute opponents of the gallery scheme. But his welcome to the street urchins was characteristic of the man and the basis of his generosity. Despite Lutyens's approval, he disliked the Merrion Square site because "he wanted a gallery built in a thoroughfare." When someone said that only workmen would be passing his bridge site and they would



not care for the pictures, he said, "I shall be satisfied if they only go in to warm themselves." Many men, like Lane, when sent out to buy an indispensable bedstead will come home with a bronze vase instead, and to save money will live, like him, on buns and gingerbeer. Auguste Dutuit would spend a small fortune at a sale and take an outside seat on the 'bus in bitter weather to save three halfpence. Others, sensitive to such things, would, as I have known it with Lane, on entering a room make first in admiration to the embroidery in a girl's hand; but Lane wanted to give, and, with "his one talent of taste," bought and sold in order to give. He believed in the power of noble pictures, and when welcoming the street urchins and in going to meet the workmen he knew, as instinctively as he divined beauty under dirt, where eventually to call out an answering nobility and power.

He believed he would find this response in his own country. In this faith he designed the codicil which left his pictures to Dublin. His death in the "Lusitania" prevented its formal execution, but his matured intention is manifest. Lady Gregory marshals a mass of evidence which is irrefragable. It is still to be seen whether advantage is to be taken of a legal informality and the catastrophe of war to frustrate his declared will. Lady Gregory entertains hope that legislation will make legal what is right and equitable and enable the trustees of the National Gallery to respect Lane's intentions. We hope her optimism is well founded. But we remember a not very dissimilar case arising out of an earlier world-war, and its half-forgotten bones grin at us sceptically. Certain British and Irish property to the extent of 3,645,628fr. of *rentes perpetuelles* were confiscated in France during the Revolution; £96,000 of this belonged to the Irish colleges in France. Recovery of all this property was claimed under the treaties of May, 1814, November, 1815, and the Convention of April 25th, 1818. The French paid the money over to the British Commissioners of Claims. The British Commissioners took the money, but got scruples which prevented them from paying out the money to what they said were "superstitious uses." The Crown lawyers subsequently got busy and agreed to reject the Irish Catholic request for repayment, but shifted on to more plausible ground than that supplied by religious bigotry. They decided that these colleges were French corporations. But if that contention were true, and the diplomats and Commissioners wrong in 1815, the unpaid balances should be returned to France under the express provisions of the 1818 Convention. We direct the French Ambassador's attention to this omission. Meanwhile what became of the money? It clearly belonged either to France or Ireland. Neither got it. Many attempts were made to recover it from 1830 to 1875. In 1834 Mr. Montague Chambers asserted in the House of Commons that misapplications were startling and notorious. The usual account is that the Commissioners granted themselves an additional year's salary out of it; that more of it erected the Marble Arch; some of it furnished Windsor; and the rest paid off the debt on Brighton Pavilion. We do hope Lady Gregory's hopes are well founded. But we fear the lawyers of a nation of shopkeepers

MICHAEL GAHAN.

### PRUNES, PRISMS, AND POETRY.

**Collected Poems.** By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS. Edited by his Wife, EVELEEN MYERS. (Macmillan. 12s.)

**Seen and Unseen: Monologues of a Homeless Snail.** By YONE NOGUCHI. (New York: Author. 82.)

**The Pier-Glass.** By ROBERT GRAVES. (Secker. 5s.)

**Poems: 1914-19.** By MAURICE BARING. (Secker. 6s.)

To Mrs. Myers's volume of her husband's poems is prefixed an autobiographical fragment summarizing with attractive lucidity the nature of and reasons for his metaphysical beliefs, particularly in moral evolution and immortality. In the course of it he says:—

"I hold that all things thought and felt, as well as all things done, are somehow photographed imperishably upon the Universe, and that my whole past will probably be open to those with whom I have to do."

In Myers's opinion this doctrine was "indicated" by the "observed facts of clairvoyance and retrocognition," and it implied no more to him than "a mere extension of telepathy." Conceive the burden thus flung upon the groaning universe. Consider the cumulative weight of all the futilities ever thought, felt, and done by the total sum of all the generations of mankind throughout the series of their individual lives from, say, the last quarter of the Pliocene to the present day! If we were not relieved at the thought that a futility, if reduced to its chemical constituents, ought to be a bantam weight, we ought to expect that the pillars of the universe would crack at any moment and the whole vast edifice come tumbling about our ears like the temple upon the Philistines.

This is not a discussion in the air; it happens, in our opinion, to be the most relevant criticism which can be applied to the collected poems of a master in only one department of expression. We think it was a mistake to issue Myers's complete poetic achievement, especially when more than a quarter of the book consists only of prize, centenary, and juvenile exercises, since our impression that Myers wholly missed the secret of poetic construction is strengthened thereby. For what Myers was prepared to impose upon the universe, he faithfully carried out in his own verse. He simply put down everything, the whole lump sum of a tolerably well-furnished mind, and with the inevitable result that he never wrote a single inevitable line. His verse runs riot, wasted and dispersed, and all the fine thinking, the vitality, the effort to unriddle the starry characters are jumbled and scattered mob, without a trace of economy, selection, or poise. Myers's poems are simply notes on the potential material of poetry.

There is so much forced imagery and strained, cold, and false sentiment in Yone Noguchi's collection of prose-poems, that an impatient reviewer would be apt to overlook the reality of Oriental thought, powerfully if repellently expressed, contained in it. The numerous poems embodying this kind of hypertrophied, ornamental description: "Alas, the mother-cow with matron eyes utters her bitter heart, kidnapped of her children by the curling gossamer mist!" or, "At shadeless noon, sunful-eyed, the crazy, one-inch butterfly (dethroned angel?) roams about, her embodied shadow on the secret-chattering grass-tops in the sabre-light"—are without either emotional or figurative value, imitation Tagore without a trace of his beauty or spiritual delicacy. But if there is one thing in which the Japanese writer believes, it is in nothing—"selfless, will-less, virtueless, viceless, passionless, thoughtless" Nescience, and there are a few poems, notably "My Universe" and "Eternal Death," whose slow-footed, processional words read like the very soundless, immaterial waves of annihilation engulfing the consciousness:—

"The eternal death is a triumph to me; my beamless soul, like a twilight-mist, floats upon unchanging, uncolored, tasteless, soundless, serene seas of roofless, floorless darkness."

The effects are almost onomatopœic, but they are Noguchi's unselfed self.

In "The Pier-Glass" Mr. Graves is the necromancer not only born but made. "Ever let the fancy roam" has been his poetic scripture throughout, but in former volumes he has allowed his original and richly fantastic vein to be clogged in the convention he applied to it. In "The Pier-Glass" he has learned discipline and freedom in one breath, and, like a buzzard, he leaves the flapping of a lower ether for the soaring of a higher. Mr. Graves is the least subjective of modern poets, and his magical cosmographies—grim, pixie, and May-Day magic he has equally at command—compounded out of familiar elements into unfamiliar patterns, are projected beyond the stresses either of a world or an individual soul. Yet they scrupulously follow their own laws and logic, and Mr. Graves is now so completely at home in his own witchcraft that every page of his new volume refreshes and delights us. Without quoting the whole poem, it is impossible to give specimens of Mr. Graves's latest work; the fancy-dresses in the window are seamless.

Mr. Baring's laments for Julian Grenfell and Lord Lucas are highly characteristic of his general temper and poetic manner:—

"Whether new paths, new heights to climb you find,  
Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,  
We know you know we shall not lag behind,  
Nor halt to waste a moment on a fear;  
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,  
And wave beyond the stars that all is well."

The chivalrous air, the romantic mood, the classical setting—and the impact upon us of a rather cold and unreal gesturing! Mr. Baring makes a noble figure in his smoothly-running, verse chariot drawn by high-stepping horses. But we cannot rid ourselves of the feeling that these poems are handsome turn-outs, figures on a fresco rather than live personalities. We wish that his numbers would fall out or stand at ease, that they were altogether more humanized and imperfect that so we might enjoy their beauty more.

### UPROAR IN THE GALLERY.

Modern Drama in Europe. By STORM JAMESON. (Collins. 8s. 6d.)

THE spirit that would strive to bring order into the chaos of modern European drama compels our admiration; for was there ever a more desperate task? A degree of arrogance is essential, because without it a critic must sink appalled by such a plan. Miss Storm Jameson is not appalled; her energy is inexhaustible. She flies from country to country in a page, and, like the Wild Knight of Mr. Chesterton's play, "forever seeking God," she states a case throughout—in her own words—"against mediocrity and the imitative drama." With what vigor she tramples upon most of our English talents only her readers can understand. With what assiduity she extols Strindberg and Ibsen and Tchekhov could never be believed by one who walked in outer darkness. The method has its pleasures, for whatever particular theatrical intolerance a man may have he will find it driven home in Miss Jameson's pages. Jones, Pinero, Shaw, Barker, Masfield—all are pilloried. The innumerable plays of Ovsstrovski are dismissed as read, and one of them, the only one translated, is analyzed. Wilde is praised, and Barrie. Hankin is ignored. There is a great deal about something called "Life," which is always a handy stick in iconoclastic criticism. And Mr. Shaw is discussed without so much as a mention of his best play, "Arms and the Man."

If we take her treatment of Mr. Shaw as a symptom of Miss Jameson's general attitude we shall do no injustice to Miss Jameson's critical method, and we shall inevitably illumine Mr. Shaw. He is, we learn, "obsessed by an indignant hatred of convention." He writes "with a fury of indignation." "The taint of the Fabian Society is on his work." His intellect "is of a high order. He is probably the cleverest of contemporary dramatists." It is said of him that "the same lack of subtlety betrays Mr. Shaw in his later work. 'Getting Married' is weighted by a long preface. Read the preface first, and observe that in the play the characters work out in their conversation its theories and ideas. The result is a suspicion, fatal to dramatic effect, that Mr. Shaw took them aside and gave each a summary of the Shavian faith. The journalist grimaces through the mask of the dramatist." Now the defect of such a style of criticism is that it is facile. We all know that Mr. Shaw has been for many years a member of the Fabian Society; we know equally that he is a brilliant journalist; we know that Mr. Shaw writes prefaces to his plays. But a good critic takes the plays in themselves, and does not use external facts to point his diatribes. Supposing Miss Jameson had read Mr. Shaw's preface last, as it was written, instead of first; supposing Mr. Shaw had not been such a notorious figure as a journalist or as a Fabian; would the terms of her indictment have remained? Mr. Shaw has never seemed to us a furious person; nor, in witnessing a play of his, do we reflect that he is an indignant Fabian journalist. We think of him as Mr. Shaw, a dramatist who moves us to thought and laughter in the theatre. Faults he has, of course, and our quarrel with Miss Jameson is not that she pillories Mr. Shaw or the

others. It is that in attacking she uses obvious weapons and grandiloquent phrases. With many of her adverse judgments we agree, in spite of the fact that she is young and impatient; but her literary style is so diffuse and lacking in precision, and her policy of hitting all the heads she sees is so marred by the conventionality of her attacks, that we are assailed by wave upon wave of sympathy for the unfortunates, and wish that education had not so frequently a pernicious habit of destroying originality in criticism. Miss Jameson charges gorily up and down Europe, bludgeoning all the popular favorites, and we often find her judgments sterile in their iconoclasm, and her definitions and appraisements gravely stale. Nobody could fail, however, to marvel at the energy and assiduous reading which make her unindexed book so compendious and so pertinaciously stringent in loyalty to her own notion of what a play should be, and it is this which saves the book from being wholly negligible.

### Foreign Literature.

#### VERLAINE.

Verlaine. By HAROLD NICOLSON. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON has done what few people manage to do. He has written a book. For my part, I do not particularly like his writing; but it is writing—careful, resolute, maintained. More than this, he has written a book, and that, nowadays, is a very unusual thing. The conception is firm, the vision unclouded, the arrangement harmonious. *Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.* The Horatian formula is abundantly satisfied. Mr. Nicolson had evidently thought often and clearly of his subject; he had determined his attitude, of sympathy without enthusiasm, of acceptance without advocacy. He knew precisely what he wanted to do, and he has done it with the utmost economy. The result is one of the best critical monographs that have been lately written in English.

We are particularly grateful for so nice a sense of proportion in a book dealing with Verlaine, for Verlaine is perhaps of all French poets the one most easily approached and over-estimated by Englishmen. His plaintive music and his languid rhythms, his purely personal lyricism and his libertarian prosody, his contempt for all those elements in French poetry which are hardest for an English taste to accept, arouse in an English reader a sympathy which quickly passes into an extravagant enthusiasm, both for the work and the man. I have often heard it said by people concerned to give a sincere account of their reactions to French poetry that Villon and Verlaine were the only great poets that France has produced. They are certainly the two by whom an English reader is most easily affected; but one was as indisputably a great as the other was a minor poet.

Verlaine is, indeed, an almost perfect specimen of the minor poet. He is childish, but never simple; not childish, of course, in the way in which some contemporary poets are childish, clumsy rhymers of false naïvetés. Verlaine's technique, for one thing, is of an extreme originality and refinement. Verlaine is childish in a positive, if not wholly a good sense. He is, in the main, a mere vehicle for emotions. They pass through him, he knows not why or whence; they leave him, and they leave nothing behind them, not so much as a particle made immune or resistant. Yet it is by his slowly created resistance to his own emotions that a poet is enabled to define and master them. Then they become something that he can handle and use in strange, unrecognizable ways; they are made part of a stored wealth of experience which he can employ when the true occasion offers. The great poet grows from strength to strength. Verlaine did not. All that finally remained of his emotions was a vague memory, sufficient only to blunt their keen edge when they came to him again. Instead of having conviction added to them, their freshness was taken away.

We have heard altogether too much of the poet who will not grow up, and yet the phrase really fits Verlaine.

Even in a poet of genius—and there is no doubt about Verlaine's genius—the condition is not pleasant to contemplate. We may pity and sympathize, but we are also impatient and irritated, and with the poet rather than the man. It does not greatly matter that a man should become steadily more and more disreputable. There is room for all sorts in the world. But a poet who cannot grow up is bound to degenerate as a poet; he lives on his senses and they become blunted, on his nerves and they become weak. To see a man of fifty blubbering is painful, to hear a poet of fifty weeping is intolerable.

Not that it is the least use to scold Verlaine; the point is that he must be regarded as a minor poet. The disrepute of his life and the degeneracy of his art are, as comparatively seldom in literature, strictly apposite to each other. Baudelaire was at least as disreputable from the point of view of society as Verlaine; but he was disreputable with a will, perverse as a protest. He remained, as a poet, completely in control of himself. In both life and poetry he asserted his will. Verlaine had no will in either; he was not in the least wicked or diabolical, he was only weak. He was indeed so weak that at times he seems almost to have been unsubstantial, the evanescent centre of a misty aureole as Carrière painted him, or like one of those *Ingénues* whom he sang:—

"Nous sommes les Ingénues  
Aux bandeaux plats, à l'œil bleu,  
Qui vivons presque inconnues  
Dans les romans qu'on lit peu."

When a figure like Arthur Rimbaud, actually a thousand times more mysterious than Verlaine, enters the story, Verlaine seems to fade away.

Mr. Nicolson tells the curious history of Verlaine and Rimbaud better than it has been told before. Its outlines at least are known to those who are interested in modern French poetry; but there is one incident which may find a place here, because it (rather violently) illumines Verlaine's character. During the two years Verlaine spent in a Belgian prison for the attempted murder of Rimbaud, he was converted to the Catholic faith; Rimbaud had spent the time wandering, and teaching in Stuttgart. Here is the story of their last meeting, in Mr. Nicolson's words:—

"Early in 1875 Verlaine was released from prison; Rimbaud's address was known only to Ernest Delahaye, and through the latter Verlaine sent him letter after letter. He told him of his conversion to the Catholic faith; he described the paraelectric potency of the Sacred Heart; he urged him by every argument in his power to take the same primrose path to sanity and calm. 'Let us,' he wrote to him, 'love each other in Jesus.' Rimbaud, on his side, was amused and slightly irritated. Verlaine was pestering Delahaye to give him his friend's address: Rimbaud had no objection; after all, what difference could it make? He wrote to Delahaye: 'I don't care. If you like, yes! Give my address to Loyola.' Verlaine left at once for Stuttgart. Poor Verlaine! He was at that date an uncouth but impatient object; his beard, which had been shaved in prison, was as yet anarchical; he arrived in so disreputable a condition that Rimbaud from the first became indignant. Verlaine, fired by his new faith, was undeterred; he launched off at once into his task of conversion. The proselyte was taken from Bierhalle to Bierhalle, and then out into the country. The argument lasted all day, and achieved its climax at midnight on the banks of the Neckar. There was a limit to Rimbaud's patience. He turned on Verlaine and struck him again and again till he lay bleeding on the river-bank. He then left him, and walked back alone to Stuttgart. The next morning Verlaine was discovered by some peasants and taken by them to their cottage, where he remained till he was well enough to return to France. Such was the last meeting between Verlaine and Rimbaud."

It is not a pretty story. The element of hardness in Rimbaud was hardly less than positive cruelty; yet we understand his action. Nothing is more insufferable than childishness, above all when it takes the form of vain repetition. Rimbaud was brutal, but he was—in a sense—justified.

The greatest triumphs in poetry are won by a prodigious and opulent humanity: Homer not very much of an artist, neither was Shakespeare, and Shakespeare certainly did not think it worth while to be one, except on occasion. The next greatest triumphs are those won by talents which attain to genius by will and pains. We cannot help resenting the fact that a man who was conspicuous by his weakness alone, should have achieved anything worthy remem-

brance. If we pity Verlaine, it is not because he was a true poet, but because he was so utterly helpless that to do anything but pity him is impossible. What is wonderful is that Verlaine, by an odd miracle of art, managed to translate or transform his weakness into poetry. All that weakness has of charm and beauty is to be found somewhere in his verses; when he is strong or wicked or diabolical (as he often tried to be) he is merely futile or dirty.

But once weakness has been transformed, as Verlaine transformed it, the word is no longer apt. We have to speak instead of charm, of delicacy, of grace; and we may hunt our vocabularies, as the French critics have hunted theirs, for a phrase that will follow the contour of his frail perfection. We are not likely to do better than Anatole France with his "*son ingénuité troublante avec je ne sais quoi de gauche et de grêle*," and even that brings us no nearer an answer to the question why this unashamedly personal poet, having no single tough fibre in his composition, should have been able to make his intimate, wistful music without embarrassing us. He confesses; he does nothing else but confess, and yet the words seem to come from over the hills and far away. His pipings of self are as faint and ethereal as any of those heard on the parterres and the lakes of his "*Fêtes Galantes*." It was of the dream figures of his Watteau landscape that he wrote:—

"Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune. . ."

But it is just as true of himself, or that strange part of himself that appears in his best poetry.

The secret must be that even to Verlaine the part of himself which listened and wept and smiled:—

"Je me souviens  
Des jours anciens  
Et je pleure—"

was, in fact, as remote and incomprehensible as any of his gossamer Pierrots or Columbins. Somehow the division in his soul had been made complete. Nothing could join the parted elements; and continually we catch a glimpse of Verlaine in an attitude of wistful wonder before this childish being whose fleeting happiness and dim regrets he sang. If we put it crudely, we may describe Verlaine's gift as one of isolating and dramatizing elements in himself. It is a gift familiar in child psychology, and not unknown in the grown-up world, where it generally accompanies what the moralists call a lack of sense of responsibility. Verlaine made of his lack of responsibility a poetic weapon. It is too natural to be called a trick; too subtle and too inevitable:—

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce berceau soudain  
Qui lentement drolote mon pauvre être?  
Que voudrais-tu de moi, doux chant badin?  
Qu'as-tu voulu, fin refrain incertain  
Qui vas tantôt mourir vers la fenêtre  
Ouverte un peu sur le petit jardin?"

"Mon pauvre être." It is not Verlaine; neither is it not-Verlaine: but a creature in a twilight world, an inhabitant of a fragile *clair de lune* where the French alexandrine was much too substantial to be a denizen. Verlaine made his verses to suit the little universe where his *pauvre être* lived, and in doing so he shattered the fabric of the French poetical tradition more thoroughly than the giant Victor Hugo did. The walls of the city fell not at the mighty sound of the seventh trumpet, but at the far-off voice of a little silver flute. And this story, too, Mr. Nicolson tells uncommonly well.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

## Books in Brief.

**The Prince of Wales's Book.** (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS attractive pictorial record of the voyages made by the Prince of Wales to Canada and Australasia in H.M.S. "*Renown*" is published on behalf of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The good work done by the Hostel during the war



is being continued, and funds are no less necessary now than then. The Prince hopes that "all who can will buy this book of photographs, and will thus help me to secure the largest possible assistance for our sailors and soldiers who were blinded in the war."

\* \* \*

**Echoes of the 'Eighties.** Leaves from the Diary of a VICTORIAN LADY. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS anonymous Victorian lady spent her life among the great, mostly the literary great. Her diary does not picture the social life of the 'eighties, but strings together without sequence anecdotes of her notable companions. The first page plunges the reader into a distinguished circle. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie and the author called on Mrs. Procter. Browning also called. They talked of Lord Rosebery's marriage and told stories of Lord Houghton. "At this moment in walked Fanny Kemble." There were some more stories. "Henry James (Junior), the novelist, came in while this conversation was going on." So the gossip flows on through 230 pages, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, Gladstone, Leighton, and Millais being among the company we meet. The author saw the aged sisters of Shelley, one of whom admitted she once had a brother, who, she believed, wrote immoral verses, but she was thankful to say she never read any of them. It is an interesting book of gossip, though time has turned a little grey some of the stories.

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**The Tradition of the Roman Empire.** By C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL, M.A. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

ONLY by a knowledge of Rome and its tradition can the history of modern Europe be understood. This is Mr. Russell's theme. To inform the minds of the ignorant he runs rapidly over the history of Rome in a style which makes the old, old story very dreary indeed. It all leads up to a German plot. The story of modern Europe appears to be the story of the machinations of Berlin. This is history as it might be written by a schoolboy who had no data except the leading articles of the year 1914, but it should not be given the dignified "make-up" of this volume. From 1904 Germany was preparing for war on "the appointed date 1914." During those years "German agents perverted the counsels of the Austrian, Italian, Russian, Turkish, Persian Governments, or sowed the seeds of sedition in Africa, India, Ireland—Britain itself . . . the Vatican itself was won over to the Protestant, the German side." The history of these ten years is disposed of in five pages. "Then, with apparent suddenness, on an apparently side issue, the true facts of which will perhaps never be known, the Great War began—in the appointed year." It is a childish history, but it should not be given to children.

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**Edgar Allan Poe: How to Know Him.** By C. ALPHONSO SMITH. (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

PREPARED to be irritated on glancing through this book, we found that, once the purpose was clear, it became readable from beginning to end. Mr. Smith is an enthusiast, but he does not coerce. What coercion there is comes from Poe, whom Mr. Smith permits to speak for himself. Thorough is Mr. Smith's motto. He has not written a work of critical analysis or exegesis. To serious students of letters who are about to "do" Poe he shows the way "over the top." It is the kind of literary book the American public is fond of. It takes Poe's life and work in the lump, states the facts, surveys his international influence, his criticism, his poetry, and his stories. Its most useful feature is the generous anthology of Poe's work in these fields. "Ligeia," "Ulalume," "To Helen," bring us again under the mystery of his spell. Poe's criticism is that of the creator. His insistence was upon "totality of effect"; his examination of details had regard only to their convergence in unity. In his own creative work he pursued consistently the principles enunciated in his criticisms. "Ligeia" and "The Purloined Letter" are included in this volume, and we are grateful for them, even without Mr. Smith's explanation that they are given to illustrate the "A" and "B" type of Poe's stories.

**The Problem of Foreign Policy.** By GILBERT MURRAY. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

DISCUSSION of the sorry state of the world since 1914 inevitably drifts into economic channels. Here and there the small voice of conscience is heard protesting against the increasing degradation of politics. War accustomed us to low standards, and we are guided by them now. Professor Murray takes two instances out of dozens to illustrate the state of mind to which political leaders have fallen. A newspaper complacently remarked that certain towns sacked by the police in Ireland were "very small and poor places in any case, and the sacking not nearly so complete as the sacking of Belgian towns by the Germans on less provocation." Mr. Murray does not name the newspaper, but we think it is of some importance that it should be known that this was the sentiment of the "Daily Chronicle." The other instance was the statement of Sir Hamar Greenwood that the court of inquiry into the killing of John Conway found that he "died from natural causes." But Conway had a bullet hole in the temple. "Such things used to happen in Mexico," Mr. Murray comments; "now they happen in Great Britain." Politics will continue to be bad while the war mind predominates. Mr. Murray discusses the causes of national strife, and is always brought back "to the one creative idea which this war has produced, the League of Nations." But, when all the safeguards defined by the Covenant have been considered, the League, in the last resort, "falls back on the mutual trust and goodwill of its members, and particularly of its members' representatives, secured partly by the common interest in peace and partly by the habit of co-operation for ordinary affairs. . . . The League will not succeed unless in some of the great nations, above all in Great Britain, there are at the head of affairs statesmen who firmly believe in the principles of the League, and are capable both of effort and of self-sacrifice for the sake of them, and behind the statesmen a strong and intelligent determination in the mass of the people to see that the League is made genuinely the leading force in international politics." Mr. Murray's is a fearless essay in practical idealism.

## From the Publishers' Table.

A CERTAIN lack of liveliness is apparent in the world of new books; but there are some interesting announcements. Mr. Daniel O'Connor is to publish shortly "A History of the Port of London," in two illustrated volumes, by Sir J. G. Broodbank. This work envisages the progress of the Port from the earliest times until the end of 1920, and derives in large measure from sources "not available to the ordinary student." The author has spent all his life in the service of the Port of London.

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MR. O'CONNOR's announcements include further "America and England," by Mr. C. R. Enock; Mr. Lewis Melville on "The South Sea Bubble," and Dr. E. A. Baker on "The Public Library"; also, "Curiosities of our National Galleries," by Mr. W. H. Helm, and a study of Christina Rossetti, by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts.

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HE is a bold man nowadays who undertakes to confront the world with a translation of the much-translated Pagan classics. Mr. Francis Caulfield's attempt on the "Odyssey," which Messrs. Bell announce for this month, arouses our curiosity. The same publishers will issue also the concluding volumes of Sir Reginald Blomfield's "History of French Architecture from the Death of Mazarin till the Death of Louis XV."

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MESSRS. HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., of New York, have in preparation a work on "Modern British Literature," dealing with 150 novelists, poets, essayists, and others whose reputations seem to have been made before 1901, between 1901 and 1914, or else since 1914. It is an original classification. Each author is to be honored with a brief biography, annotations, and a full bibliography.

It is reported that the boiler in which *Oliver Twist's* food would have been cooked had he existed is to be removed for preservation from St. George's Workhouse, Borough, to the Southwark Museum. In a Peterborough backyard is likewise preserved the boiler from which the prisoners of the Napoleonic Wars received their doles of soup. Both facts speak well for English piety; and now, how stands the chance of a satisfactory destiny for Keats's house?

On the 11th and 12th there will be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's a large collection of medieval deeds from Redgrave Hall in Suffolk, and letters by Dickens, Cruikshank, Burns, Lamb, Queen Victoria (a long series; has Mr. Strachey seen these?), and Edward VII. Several MS. plans for Napoleon's invasion of England occur in the catalogue; and the large correspondence received by Sir Walter Scott, as well as many unpublished letters from Benjamin Franklin, should cause interesting competition. We should add, so should the MS. of the "Psalm of Life."

"A NEASTE OF WASPES" is the title of a remarkable facsimile, lately issued by the Clarendon Press at eighteen shillings, of some outrageous doggerel first published in 1615 by a soldier named William Goddard. He had seen service in Flanders, but this fact scarcely exonerates him. One of two known copies is preserved at Worcester College, Oxford; and it is from this that the facsimile has been made. As a specimen of typography and binding, "A Neaste of Waspes" could not be bettered.

ANOTHER beautiful work of somewhat limited appeal is Mr. H. M. Vaughan's list of Welsh bookplates in the possession of Sir E. D. Jones. Several brilliant reproductions do justice to a careful catalogue; and the book contains a useful note on the history of bookplates in general. A small impression only has been prepared, at a guinea a copy, to be had of Mr. A. L. Humphreys, at 187, Piccadilly.

IT seems as if handsome printing is becoming a habit. We had no sooner put down "Welsh Bookplates" than we received from the Dunster House Bookshop (Cambridge, Mass.) an ideal catalogue of classical books, printed in red and black. The books themselves are chosen from the library of the late John Williams White, of Harvard University, a great student of Aristophanes, and a man of the best and widest tastes in classical literature. His library included the array of scarce and sumptuous publications now to be sold.

## A Hundred Years Ago.

### 1821: "THE EXAMINER."

As we have pointed out in a previous article, the year 1821 marked a falling-off in the sales of most Opposition papers; and though the "Examiner" was affected only a little, yet it was evident to its founders that its political views were not now so widely acceptable. As a Sunday paper, it sometimes relied too greatly upon politics, and this tendency was all the more apparent when its editor, Leigh Hunt, was absent owing to illness. Its contents for the year are, nevertheless, worth a summary.

On the 25th of February, Leigh Hunt resumed his work with "the melancholy task of noticing the verdict against the proprietor of this paper, his brother," but set about the affair in a manner very far from melancholy. The offence of John Hunt had arisen thus: Castlereagh had been found guilty of complicity in buying and selling seats. The House had not attempted to deny this, but had ignored the fact. John Hunt had attacked this procedure as unlawful and scandalous; and was eventually sentenced to a year's imprisonment. At the end of his audacious and eloquent protest, Leigh Hunt observed, "The verdict is found by the law, against a man who *defends* the law, for accusing men who *set it at naught*." Soon after this, the "Examiner"

reprinted an angry epigram by Lamb (though unsigned), against the charging of fees for admission to St. Paul's. Next, Haydon wrote to annihilate a silly story in the "London Magazine," according to which "a living artist" had witnessed a child crushed by the wheel of a dray, and instead of rushing to its assistance had stood calmly making a mental note of its expression for future use. Haydon's next contribution was a brief eulogy of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and then, after the appearance of an extraordinary article on Napoleon by Leigh Hunt and John Hunt in collaboration, the "Examiner" published a letter from Shelley at Pisa. Shelley here explains all that he knows of "Queen Mab," and mentions its illegal republication by the piratic W. Clarke.

The next important feature is a series of "Sketches of the Living Poets," by the editor. Before the end of the year, Bowles, Byron, Campbell, and Coleridge had been appraised (in the case of Byron and Coleridge, with wood-cut portraits as well). Of these articles the most valuable is obviously the last. Coleridge is called "a kind of unascetic Bramin among us," and here is another scrap of information about a famous and pathetic encounter: "Mr. Coleridge speaks very modestly of his poetry—not affectedly so, but out of a high notion of the art in his predecessors. He delighted the late Mr. Keats, in the course of conversation, with adding after he had alluded to it, 'if there is any thing I have written which may be called poetry.'"

While this series was still in progress, during the latter months of 1821, Leigh Hunt's enterprising mind began to produce another—clever political parodies, over his old signature "Harry Brown." The most ingenious of these was entitled "A-hanging we will go," and almost as bitter were three travesties of "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," for the benefit of the King's visit to Dublin:—

"And winking yellow-boys begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With everything that petty bin,  
My salary sweet, arise."

Set such contributions as those we have mentioned against a background of strong political leaders (by various hands), lively dramatic criticism, sound and sensible notes on pictures by R. H. (who is said to have been yet another brother of the editor), and reports of the more violent lawsuits and deaths extraordinary, and what else passed for news at the time, and some idea can be formed of the leading Reform organ of 1821. Its size, it may be added, was quarto; and the manner of its printing often slovenly in the extreme.

## The Drama.

### BERNHARDT.

ON Monday evening Madame Bernhardt opened a season at the Prince's Theatre in the "Daniel" of M. Louis Verneuil. The play is that which has recently been seen in London in an English version, and its subject-matter need not be more than briefly recalled. A young woman, Geneviève Arnault, has provoked an ardent devotion in a young artist, Daniel, but has married his elder brother, Albert, a wealthy man of business. At the opening of the play Daniel has consoled himself with drug-taking, and Geneviève herself with a lover. When the wife's infidelity is suspected by the husband, its burden is taken upon himself by the younger brother, who is dying, a deception rendered possible by the circumstance that the letters which the wife has written to her lover have been without superscription. On his death-bed Daniel confesses the deception, which so moves his brother that the stern man of business decides not only on forgiveness, but on self-effacement in favor of the lover. The work is a composition of the school of M. Bernstein, wholly without resemblance to life, but with some theatrical *finesse*. Its curious technical scheme, consisting of two long acts of preparation in which Daniel does not appear, followed by two shorter acts in which, from his chair and couch, he holds something like a reception of the persons with whom we have become acquainted, is explained by the circumstances of



its origin. M. Verneuil's play was designed to give scope to, while it did not tax, the powers of Bernhardt.

What those powers are London has had this week, and will still have next week, the opportunity of judging. There has probably never been anything like them. When Mrs. Siddons retired at fifty and came back once a year or so for fifteen of the thirty remaining years of her life, she was told by the critic who had the best right to tell her, since it was he who had praised her most wholeheartedly, that she should either return to the stage or retire from it altogether, since by occasional indulgence in her art she might diminish her reputation while she could add nothing to it. But Madame Bernhardt has never retired. Even Mr. Cochran's undeniable genius, when it came to the point last year, could not stage-manage her "farewell."

Mr. Cochran, however, has done better. It may be said for M. Verneuil's play that it affords an infinitely more favorable opportunity for a view of the great actress by those who could not know her in her prime than those excerpts from her repertoire in which she has hitherto made her London appearances within recent years. We have her here at work with her company, playing her part, and playing no more than her part, in that creation of theatrical illusion which has been her life's activity, and which is surely among the strangest manifestations of the indomitable spirit of man. Madame Bernhardt has lived for the theatre and in the theatre, and in her seventy-sixth year, in maroon dressing-gown, white shirt, and black tie, with a rug about her knees to conceal her physical incapacity, we find her playing a young man, and imposing upon us the impossible! Very quietly, very firmly, with entire confidence and mastery, she speaks her lines, she makes her gestures (beautiful gestures, that alone perhaps of all her gifts have lost nothing with the years), and she achieves the impossible. She thinks herself this Daniel, and she is this Daniel. Before our eyes, and against our reason, the miracle of theatrical illusion once more accomplishes itself. What does it matter that Daniel is nothing, that all this pleading, protesting, exhorting, in which the still suave though broken voice goes on and on, are nothing? It matters not at all. The figure is within the picture, it has taken its place; by an effort of the will it has become the equal in veracity of the authentic husband of M. Arquillière, of the sincere and cogent young wife of Mlle. Geniat. Where, but to the French stage, can we go for sterling old family retainers, Molière figures, rough and simple, played with the verisimilitude of M. Chameroy's Yirome? But M. Chameroy, busied with offices on behalf of his young master, is not too much for the spell of the theatrical illusion cast over us by Madame Bernhardt. This it is to be an actress, to be able to stand up to your company, to be no more than they and no less than they, and to fit in. If we can see the great Bernhardt in nothing else, we can see her in this.

It is for this reason that I, for my part, shall take away the memory not of anything done within the play of M. Verneuil, but of the scene which follows upon the fall of the play's third curtain. Amid a storm of applause the curtain rose to show the actress erect before the chair in which she had played the act, not prepared or statuesque, but rather as though surprised at the plaudits, and only anxious that Mlle. Geniat, just moving to the rear of the stage, and M. Arquillière, hovering within one of the customary several doors, should share them. Rising and falling, not with our English premeditation, but with that more careless art which conceals art, the curtain cut off and revealed by turns a very pretty scene—the young actress moving forward, obedient, but with deepest reluctance, to stand at Madame Bernhardt's left hand, the actor prevailed upon to show just a little more of himself within the door. A further rise and fall or two, and Mlle. Geniat had joined M. Arquillière; and finally, not acquiescent, looking anxiously for her companions, but happy, Madame Bernhardt was alone. This was good acting, but it was more than good acting; for it is of such unaffected manifestations of the spirit of co-operation that theatrical art is born.

P. P. H.

## Exhibitions of the Week.

**Heal's Mansard Gallery:** The Friday Club.

**British Museum:** Exhibition of Japanese Paintings.

THE Friday Club is making a commendable effort to show the true intimacy between the arts and crafts. We live in an age when craftsmanship—that is to say, the making of articles of utility by artists—is hard pressed in the struggle to survive in competition with mechanical production. The phrase "applied art" is really self-contradictory, for art is not a thing that can be stuck on to something else and remain itself, though the people who make fenders, furniture, &c., by machinery evidently think it can. There is, however, an exception in the case of fabrics and wall-papers, for here the artist has to deal with a flat surface and is able to adapt himself to the machine by inventing designs which repeat themselves at regular intervals. The case of architecture is rather different, involving active collaboration between the architect and the sculptor, though even in architecture there is all too much evidence to-day of "art" being "applied" mechanically to blocks of building material which are more or less stock properties kept on hand by contractors for the "decoration" of structures, awaiting the architect's orders.

In addition, then, to paintings and drawings, we find exhibited at the Friday Club hand-printed (and woven) fabrics, pottery, sculpture, mosaics, designs for posters, labels, and wallpapers, enamels, jewellery, embroideries, stage settings, carpets, and a screen. It is a great pity that the designs for textiles which are actually shown in the piece are not more interesting, because manufacturers of fabrics for dress and interior decoration have had their eyes opened in recent years by the enterprise of M. Poiré and other pioneers on the Continent to the great benefits which commerce may enjoy by inviting the co-operation of artists, and we fear that few of these exhibits are likely to invite the attention of our manufacturers. The fact that a cloth has been woven, dyed, and printed by hand is not a recommendation in itself, and a purely mechanical product which reproduces a good design is greatly to be preferred to a product made by hand bearing feeble or trite designs and dyed with dingy, though no doubt authentically vegetable, dyes. But amongst the designs for printed and woven textiles there is work of real artistry to be seen in the exhibits by Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. Mackintosh. Mr. Nash employs a conventionalized form of Cubism with admirable effect, and it is refreshing to place the originality of Mr. Mackintosh's decorative ideal against disconcerting memories of the appalling vulgarization with which the miscreants who invented *nouveau art* reviled him. There is a good design, too, by Mr. Lovat Fraser, and Mr. Albert Rutherston shows two labels for scent bottles, airy and elegant these, as such things should be. Mr. Malcolm Milne's painted screen is a magnificent piece of hot color, and the main parts of the design are enriched by a number of admirably drawn human figures along the border. Mr. Boris Anrep's conception of mosaic is Romanesque rather than Byzantine in design, and his color has an agreeable scintillation. Mr. William Simmonds's carved ivories were seen only a few weeks ago in another exhibition, but they are well worth studying again. There is some very accomplished pottery by Mr. and Mrs. Powell, and amongst one or two pieces by Mr. Bernard Leach an exceedingly fine bowl with blue markings on a yellowish, cracked glaze. Mr. McKnight Kauffer's cheerful posters have already proved their commercial value by enlivening the sinister vacancy of our Tube stations.

Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Frank Dobson share the sculpture. Mr. Gill's "Adam" and "Eve" and "Anadyomene" make a welcome reappearance; Mr. Dobson's "Bust" and "Dancers" are new. The bust is a splendid example of portraiture which ignores inessentials, yet contrives to give an intense expression of personal character by means that are purely plastic. The relative movement of the "Dancers" is expressed with great simplicity, and this group has the rare merit of being interesting and coherent in any position. Mr. Gill also shows some very beautiful wood-engravings, marvellously clean



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## HEARTBREAK PRICES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE philosopher refines himself on self-analysis, and the egoist is exuberated by it.

An instinctive writer who prostitutes his art by applying it deliberately to commercialism is a literary renegade. But this is an expensive, materialistic age, and even artists are compelled to be commercial or starve—or, worse still, thirst—in a world which Puseyfoot is making impossible for all but millionaires, politicians, and persons endowed with what Byron apostrophised as "Ye rigid guts of reapers!"

Personally, I would like to write merely for the splendid illusion of the idea. But this I cannot afford, for I must live—and wonderfully, if possible. My living may not be essential to the world, but it is a colossal necessity to me.

Living should mean enjoyment, for the antithetical principle of sanctimonious misery is loathsome, decadent, and old. And the two chief pursuits of joy are love and sport, which are comprehensive and intermingled.

To attain the means to enjoy life, circumstance compels me to sell trousers. I find the subject so uninspiring to write on that I subtly avoid it, and merely create an atmosphere of cultured masculinity, with the nether garments taken, or taken off, for granted.

But the art of making clothes is a real and not a pseudo-art. The recognition of this art is the secret of the success of this House. The art of making clothes is a wizardry un-Welshlike. It implies a purpose to achieve, in production, the effect of a Greek God in preference to that of a Dartmoor shepherd.

Unfortunately, the spending capacity of the public has been ruthlessly annexed to pay for Governmental extravagances, but it is imperative to maintain trade during 1921, therefore this House is selling clothes at practically cost price. This is not altruistic, because if its charges were higher the public would be unable to pay and would consequently wear only what it possessed—or don sackcloth.

But none of us will make any profits this year, we shall all have to live on "fruits of victory" salad.

The following prices are ridiculously moderate—to me they are heart and purse-breaking. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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and sharp in their edges and fastidious in the quality of their design. Mr. John Nash's wood-engraving and Mr. Wadsworth's woodcuts are extremely individual, and therefore successful.

We have small space left for the drawings and paintings. Mr. John Nash, Mr. Wyndham Tryon, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Ginner, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Kennington, Mr. W. Rothenstein, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. Ethelbert White, Mr. Gertler, Mr. Maresco Pearce, Mr. Elliot Seabrook, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Randolph Schwabe all show interesting and characteristic work, and we must also mention an accomplished series of etchings by Mr. Nevinson.

The exhibition of Japanese paintings in the Print Room at the British Museum contains several recent acquisitions of great importance. The twelfth-century portrait of Yoritomo, the first of the Shoguns, is a magnificent work representing the finest period of Japanese art; and amongst other beautiful things is a screen of the Kano school, possibly by Sanraku, and a tiger by the celebrated fifteenth-century painter, No-Ami, painted with a full brush and a surpassing subtlety of outline.

O. R. D.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 9. Royal Institution, 3.—"Poisons and Antidotes," Lecture I., Dr. H. H. Dale.
- Mon. 11. Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, E.C., 1.20.—"War from the Soldier's Point of View." Royal Geographical, 5.—"The World-Map Before and After Magellan's Voyage," Mr. E. Heawood. Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Recent Applications of the Spectroscope to Science and Industry," Lecture I., Dr. S. J. Lewis. Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"The Forestry Directorate in France," Mr. L. S. Wood.
- Tues. 12. Royal Institution, 3.—"Measurement of Starlight," Prof. R. A. Sampson.
- Wed. 13. Caxton Hall, Westminster, 8.—"Unemployment and Foreign Policy: British Policy and the U.S.A.," Mr. Norman Angell. Society of Arts, 8.—"Low Temperature Carbonization and Smokeless Fuel," Prof. H. E. Armstrong.
- Thurs. 14. Royal Institution, 3.—"Thunderstorms," Lecture II., Mr. C. T. R. Wilson. (Tyndall Lectures.) Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Influence of Low Temperatures on the Magnetic Properties of Alloys of Iron with Nickel and Manganese," Prof. K. Onnes, Sir R. Hadfield, and Dr. H. R. Woltjer; and other Papers. Royal Historical, 5.—"Illustrations of Social History in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," Mr. F. W. X. Fincham. Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.
- Fri. 15. Royal Institution, 9.—"Wolsey as a War Minister," Mr. Ernest Law.

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### PHILOSOPHY.

- \*Hume (Robert Ernest). The Thirteen Principal Upanishads. Tr. from the Sanskrit, with an Outline of the Philosophy of the Upanishads and an Annotated Bibliography. 81x54. 555 pp. Milford, 15/- n.
- Sampson (Helen Edward). Theosophy. Series III. Analytical Lessons in the Wisdom of the Divine Mysteries: Part I. Graduation: the Tests of the Golden Keys. 71x54. 474 pp. Rider, 8/6 n.

### RELIGION.

- Bainforth (Ramsden). Spiritual Agnosticism. 71x42. 136 pp. Daniel, 4/6 n.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Crowell (J. Franklin). Government War Contracts. 91x64. 371 pp. New York, Oxford University Press (Milford), 81.
- Demetriadi (Sir Stephen). Inside a Government Office. 81x54. 65 pp. Cassell, 4/6 n.
- Ellis (Mrs. Havelock). The New Horizon in Love and Life. Pref. by Edward Carpenter. Introd. by Marguerite Tracy. 81x54. 209 pp. Black, 10/6 n.
- Fels (Comte de). Essai de Politique Expérimentale. 9x54. 341 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy, 12fr.
- Holitscher (Arthur). Drei Monate in Sowjet-Russland. 71x42. 254 pp. Berlin, S. Fischer, 15m.
- \*MacDonagh (Michael). The Pageant of Parliament. 9x54. 2 vols. 252, 241 pp. Fisher Unwin, 36/- n.
- Poley (A. P.). The Imperial Commonwealth. 81x54. \* 388 pp. Cassell, 12/6 n.
- Roebuck (John). Conditioned Stature. 7x44. 96 pp. Daniel, 3/6 n.
- \*Wallas (Graham). Our Social Heritage. 81x54. 292 pp. Allen & Unwin, 12/6 n.

### EDUCATION.

- Childs (W. M.). Universities and their Freedom. 9x6. 56 pp. Humphreys, 2/- n.
- Hassall (Arthur). English History, 499-1914. 71x42. 64 pp. Duckworth, 2/- n.
- Parkinson (T. W. F.). Europe (Collins's "Reason Why" Geography). 81x5. 220 pp., 11. Collins, 3/3.
- Parkinson (T. W. F.). The Principles of Geography, for Matriculation Students and Higher Local Examinations. 71x42. 360 pp., maps, diags. Collins, 4/- n.
- Parkinson (T. W. F.). A Regional Geography of the British Empire. 71x42. 288 pp., maps, diags. Collins, 3/6 n.
- Rudmose-Brown (T. B.). An Intermediate Text-Book of French Composition. 71x5. 164 pp. Harrap, 3/6 n.

### PHILOLOGY.

- \*Weekley (Ernest). An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English. 10x74. 1,689 pp. Murray, 42/- n.

### FINE ARTS.

- Victoria and Albert Museum. Review of the Principal Acquisitions during 1918. 91x74. 64 pp., 11. Stationery Office, 3/6 n.

### LITERATURE.

- \*Birkhead (Edith). The Tale of Terror: a Study of the Gothic Romance. 9x54. 252 pp. Constable, 15/- n.
- Excursions in Thought. By Imaal. 71x5. 170 pp. Fisher Unwin, 6/- n.
- Gardner (Edmund G.). The National Idea in Italian Literature. 71x42. 52 pp. Longmans, 4/6 n.
- Gautier (Paul). Anthologie de l'Académie Française. Vol. I. 61x4. 463 pp. Paris, Delagrave.
- Hay (William). An Australian Rip Van Winkle. 71x5. 199 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.
- Russo (Luigi). Metastasio. 8x5. 256 pp. Bari, Laterza, 14.50 lire.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Eguren (Jose M.). La Cancion de las Figuras. 71x5. 73 pp. Lima, Tipog. y Encuadernacion de la Penitenciaría.
- Hueffer (Ford Madox). A House: Modern Morality Play. 91x7. 24 pp. Poetry Bookshop, 1/6 n.
- Lewis (Michael). Afloat and Ashore. 61x41. 72 pp. Allen & Unwin, 3/6 n.
- Merivale (Philip). The Wind over the Water (The Contemporary Series). 71x5. 50 pp. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Co.
- Odell (George C. D.). Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving. 91x6. 2 vols. 470, 506 pp., pl. Constable, 7/6 n.
- Roland-Entwistle (Arthur). Twelve Love Sonnets. 8x54. 16 pp. Heath Cranton, 2/6 n.
- Wade-Gery (H. T.). Terpsichore; and other Poems. 61x54. 67 pp. Waltham St. Lawrence, Golden Cockerel Press, 3/6 n.
- Wickham (Anna). The Little Old House. 81x64. 54 pp. Poetry Bookshop, 2/6 n.
- Wilkinson (Esther). Cross Bearers. 71x54. 81 pp. Malvern Link, Convent of the Holy Name, 2/6 n.

### FICTION.

- Bourget (Paul). El Justiciero. Prólogo de V. Blasco Ibañez. Versión Española de Germán Gómez de la Mata. 71x5. 309 pp. Valencia, Prometeo, 4 pes.
- Byron (Lesley). Opportunist Sinn Feiners. 71x5. 134 pp. Heath Cranton, 3/6 n.
- Cassell (Helen K. and Edward Childs). Three Pears. 71x5. 307 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6 n.
- Coppard (A. E.). Adam and Eve and Pinch Me. 71x42. 140 pp. Waltham St. Lawrence, Golden Cockerel Press, 4/6 n.
- Fleura de France. Vol. II. Twenty-nine Short Stories. Tr. from the French of twenty-nine French authors of to-day. 71x42. 291 pp. A. M. Philpot, Rolls House, Bream's Bldgs., E.C. 4, 6/- n.
- Further E. K. Means. 71x5. 346 pp., 11. Putnam, 8/6 n.
- Hamsun (Knut). Mothwise. 71x5. 212 pp., 11. Gyldendal, 6/- n.
- Hichens (Robert). The Spirit of the Time. 71x5. 252 pp. Cassell, 8/6 n.
- Palmer (Arnold). Riches. 71x5. 288 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 7/6 n.
- Simpson (Robert). Swamp Breath. 71x5. 313 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6 n.
- Thurston (E. Temple). The Green Bough. 71x5. 308 pp. Cassell, 8/6 n.
- Watson (E. L. Grant). Shadow and Sunlight: a Romance of the Tropics. 71x42. 287 pp. Cape, 7/6 n.
- Woolf (Leonard). Stories of the East. 8x5. 55 pp. Richmond, Hogarth Press, 3/- n.
- \*Woolf (Virginia). Monday or Tuesday. With Woodcuts by Vanessa Bell. 71x5. 81 pp. Richmond, Hogarth Press, 4/6 n.
- Zweig (Stefan). The Burning Secret. 71x54. 175 pp. Allen & Unwin, 6/- n.

### GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Japan Society. Transaction and Proceedings. Vol. XVII., 1918-20. Kegan Paul, 21/- n.
- Knight (Rev. G. A. Frank). Nile and Jordan: being the Archaeological and Historical Inter-relations between Egypt and Canaan: to A.D. 70. 10x54. 583 pp., maps. Jas. Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet Street, E.C., 36/- n.
- Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society. Transactions, Vol. XXXVII., 1919. 81x54. 154 pp. Manchester, Sherratt & Hughes.
- Nichols (Susan Farley). Water Colors: South of France, 1918-19. 8x54. 184 pp., 11. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Co.
- Pyre (J. F. A.). Wisconsin (American College and University Series). 71x54. 419 pp., 11. New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 17/6 n.
- \*Tagore (Sir Rabindranath). Glimpses of Bengal: selected from Letters, 1885-1895. 71x54. 173 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.

### BIOGRAPHY.

- \*Stalker (Archibald). The Intimate Life of Sir Walter Scott. 9x54. 215 pp. Black, 10/6 n.
- \*Strachey (Lytton). Queen Victoria. 9x54. 310 pp., 11. Chatto & Windus, 15/- n.

### HISTORY.

- \*Askenazy (Prof. Simon). Dantzig and Poland. Tr. by William J. Rose. 81x54. 132 pp. Allen & Unwin, 8/6 n.
- Ball (Upendra Nath). Ancient India. 71x5. 241 pp. Calcutta and Patna, Kamala Book Depot, 2 rup. 8 an.
- Boulton (S. Miles). And the Kaiser Abdicates: the Story of the Death of the German Empire and the Birth of the Republic. 81x54. 271 pp. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 10/6 n.
- \*Price (M. Phillips). My Reminiscences of the Russian Revolution. 81x54. 402 pp. Allen & Unwin, 18/- n.
- \*Seymour (St. John D.). The Puritans in Ireland, 1647-61. 9x54. 254 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 14/- n.

### WAR.

- \*Wright (Capt. Peter E.). At the Supreme War Council. 71x42. 191 pp., maps. Eveleigh Nash, 7/6 n.

